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Gallery of Poetic Pictures;

COMPRISING

TRUE PORTRAITS AND FANCY SKETCHES,

INTERSPERSED WITH

HUMOROUS, MORAL AND SOLEMN PIECES,

TOGETHER WITH

HISTORIC, PATRIOTIC, AND SENTIMENTAL POEMS,

AND

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY JAMES FITZ.

RICHMOND:

CHAS. H. WYNNE, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.
1857.

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JAMES FITZ,

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PREFACE.

It is usual for an author to inform his readers under what circumstances he has thought proper to appear before the public, in order that some sort of basis for opinion might be formed of the merit or demerit of his performance.

It is due to truth and candor to say, that the earlier productions of the author were not written with a view to their publication, and that many of his juvenile efforts have been entirely lost: and it was not until within a few years past, that the idea of publication was contemplated. At the instance and earnest solicitation of many kind friends, who had long professed partiality and favor for those fugitive pieces, as they occasionally appeared in the public prints of the day, he has consented to their compilation and revision, together with many more recent MS. pieces.

The reader should also know, that the time occupied in this work embraces a period of many years—the arduous and imperious duties of business occupations having monopolized the greater portion of his time; leaving brief and disconnected intervals only for his dalliance with the Muses. Laboring under incessant occupation, and bereft of the favors of fortune, “*the lucid moments*” that could be devoted to Poesy were few and far between—yet were they pleasurable; and viewed as sunny spots, smiling in the blue azure of a clouded sky.

With these, and many other disadvantages to combat, no farther apology, it is presumed, will be required, should the themes and subjects which he has chosen to illustrate, be found deficient in elegance of diction or versification, (as such high degree of excellence would seem to be incompatible with the disadvantages under which they were written,)—and skillful arrangement and polished execution are things not reasonably to be expected. Brief and to the point, has ever been his motto; and although fancy and feeling have had their full sway, yet, truth of incident and narrative leads

most prominent; and fact often appears under the ostensible garb of fiction.

Having collected and arranged, as well as time and opportunity would permit, the materials for this work, they are now offered to an indulgent public, with unaffected hesitation and diffidence;—and this is not said for the purpose of “deprecating the censures of critics by profession; but merely to bespeak the favor and candor of that larger portion of readers who are willing to be pleased with the best efforts that could be expected, under all the circumstances;” the author being well aware that his “benevolently disposed readers” will, in this little volume, meet with defects of execution; yet, if innocent pleasure and amusement are afforded, a respect for virtue and purity promoted and encouraged, the author will have achieved all that he should hope to attain.

JAMES FITZ.

PLEASANT VALLEY, *January*, 1857.

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Original Poems.

LEGEND OF THE CHERRY SPRING.

Of time and ages past and gone,
O, gentle Muse, we'll dwell upon;
With curious hand his musty scroll,
The work of ages we unroll—
Here we may see through Fancy's glass,
What men and things in time did pass—
Where, in the boundless forest, stray'd
The red man on the hill or glade;
Or settled he by river side,
Or where the mountain streamlets glide.
Deep lake* behind the hill was spread,
With distant mountains at its head—
The ridges here had held it bound,
'Till wat'ry force swept off the ground—
Tore rocks asunder in its course,
And mountains parted by its force—
Free'd from the barrier Nature made,
Deep channel wore along the glade;

* It was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson and others, that this portion of Albemarle county was once a wide and deep lake.

Pass'd on and joined the streams below,
Then all to the great ocean flow.

Not then, this Cherry here display'd
Green leaves and bloom and pleasant shade—
Not then, in early summer air,
Hung the red fruit in clusters fair;
But modern times its birth day gave,
And rear'd it o'er the limpid wave.*
No shelt'ring forest now is here,
To nod above thy waters clear,
Nor doth the fanning breezes play
Through the deep maze in sunny day.

Say, did there not in days gone by,
A varied growth shut out the sky
From this clear fountain as it play'd,
And to Rivanna's current stray'd?
This sloping vale the streamlet led
Through *dogwood* bloom and hazel bed—
The *red-bud* shed its bloom in thee—
Industrious work'd the honey bee,
Extracting from a thousand flow'rs,
The wildwood sweets in sunny hours.

What herds of men frequented here,
Free as the elk or spotted deer—
A leafy carpet spread the ground,
Where all might stand or sit around.

* Originally, Hick's Spring.

Here, wand'ring pilgrims sought repose,
Or, here, perchance, met deadly foes.
If friends, the *venison* was shar'd,
And herbage sweet and bread prepar'd,
And leafy cup serv'd them to bring
The cooling draught from yonder spring.

Hard by a simple village stood,
Form'd by the children of the wood—
Rude structures, made by tree tops tied,
And shingled o'er with bark or hide—
Primeval buildings here display'd
The way that houses then were made.
A hairy carpet spread the floor,
With dappl'd skins to form the door,
By which the little urchins play'd,
And tiny bows and arrows made.
Young mothers rock'd their infants there,
The cradle swinging in the air,
Suspended in the sun or shade
By cords of pliant buckskin made.
Here, valiant warriors form'd the ring,
And did of val'rous actions sing—
Sung of the chase and hunting ground,
Where deer and bear and elk abound;
Sung of the western mountains blue,
Or of their loves and lassies true.

From here, the maiden in her pride
Stray'd up the river's grassy side—

With skillful snare the fishes caught,
And purple grapes in baskets brought;
And gather'd nuts, 'neath stately trees,
As they were shower'd by the breeze.
Then she would trip away and sing
Along the valley of the "*Spring*,"
As the bright leaves of autumn fell
Beneath her feet along the dell.
The windy summits high around,
Now echo many a whoop and sound;
'Tis a young hunter seeking game,
Just from a bloody field of fame;
They meet—and Love's almighty pow'r
Triumphant, rules the happy hour!
Such meeting tongue may never tell!
Love did in this sweet valley dwell—
Here Nature's man by Nature dress'd,
Of garments witless, stood confess'd—
A man, such as in modern days
Ne'er walks or flies along our "*ways*."

She, color'd like the soil around her,
Stood, as fair Eve when Adam found her;
But not amaz'd—for she descried
Her welcome lord—and she the bride.
For years well to each other known,
Together from blest childhood grown—
A maid, just in young womanhood,
Artless and lovely, pure and good.
Her dress, by female instinct form'd,
Slight portion of her person warm'd,

Whilst the deep midnight of her hair
Hung umbrose round her shoulders bare;
A shelt'ring screen by nature made
To hide her bosom in its shade—
And, to adorn this glossy hair,
Entwin'd were flow'rs bright and rare,
Such as in autumn here did bloom,
And early frost did not consume,
And feathers blue and red were seen,
With snowy plumes to nod between.

These met, as lovers oft may meet,
And fondly they each other greet—
Kind words of love and vows renew'd,
Were here exchanged in solitude.
Thus hand in hand together they
'Neath shady groves pursu'd their way,
And soon were they, mid numerous clan,
The Indian maid and warrior man.
Rejoicing in his safe return,
Important tidings soon they learn—
Brief history of the war is given,
The fields, the fights, the foeman driven;
Then trophies of success are spread,
And *certain* proofs of foemen dead.

Three thousand moons have pass'd away,
Since this auspicious happy day;
The relics of the Tribe are gone,
No vestige left to look upon!

No flow'rs wild are blooming here,
Nor do we see the flying deer;
No wild bee hangs on "*shoemate*" bloom,
No "*honey-suckle*" sheds perfume—
No maple in red blossoms gay,
Are waving o'er the hidden way,
Where once brave chieftains chanted song,
A council, or a festive throng—
No shady groves where gods might dwell,
And none the village site can tell!

Hark! hear we not a distant roar,*
Like rumbling waves on ocean's shore?—
Urg'd by a pow'r unseen, doth glide
The pon'drous train by river side.
'Tis a huge monster, flying team,
That o'er the rip'ling waters scream—
In smoke and thunder whirling by,
It shakes the earth and dims the sky;
And the wild pigeon's rapid speed,
Can scarcely in the racing lead—
The savage man, had he been there,
Had call'd it the Great Spirit car.

Still onward flows the little rill,
Which summer's drought may never still;
The plough shall its deep furrows make,
And by the stream the spiky rake

* Cars on the Virginia Central Railroad.

Shall smooth the fertile soil around,
Prepare for seed the mellow ground.
“*The sower’s wheels*” shall spread the grain,
And o’er the fields the “*guano*” rain.
Soon in Rivanna’s rolling tide,
Its sparkling waters gently glide;
Like time it ever onward goes,
And through enduring ages flows.

Flow on, sweet streamlet of the vale,
Thy fountain head shall never fail;
May future bards with tuneful lay,
Chant of thy fame in latter day,
Invoke the mountain muse to sing
The mem’ry of the Cherry Spring.

INNOCENCE.

“Sweet Innocence, thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He who yon sky involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O’er thee, the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless, and that very voice,
Which thunders terror to the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs, whispers peace to thine.
Thy inward thoughts are pure; serene, thy smile;”

And the sweet tones of thy angelic voice,
Strike the enraptured ear with sweet surprise,
And speak of Heaven, thy "native home."
The winged shafts of Vice shall harm thee not;
Thy Heavenly shield shall turn them off,
And pass them harmless by; and when the misty veil
Of night is spread, and thou to rest return,
Angels shall watch thy sweet repose.

TO M*****A.—AFFECTION'S TEAR.

Oh! there's nothing half so dear,
As affection's smiling tear;
There is a lustre to it given,
That lovely radiance shines to Heaven.

Oh the bliss that fir'd my soul,
When I saw it gently roll
From the sweet eyes of her I love,
Like a bright meteor from above.

I saw it on thy cheek so fair,
Alike the morning's dewy star,
Or like the pearly tear of night,
That steals on roses red and white—
I saw thee wipe that tear away,
And thou wert full of joy and gay.

T O A * * .

'Tis sweet to think we meet again,
With hope so bright and fair,
To think that thou art still the same,
My precious ruling star;
Oh! thou wilt ever prove to be,
My soul's far better part,
Thou art the pleasure of my life,
The pride of my fond heart.

Did I possess the Indies' wealth,
And all the Spicy isles,
I would not barter them for thee,
Or take them for thy smiles.
And can such bliss—such joy—be mine?
Such happiness for me?
The thought is more than half divine,
'Tis Heav'n to think of thee.

THE GATE.

A FRAGMENT.

To thee I sing, thou oaken gate,
 By me oft pass'd, both soon and late.
 Ah! thou hast more of kindness prov'd,
 Than those that I have fondly lov'd;
 For thou didst never yet deny
 Admittance, but would let me by.
 Though I again may never see
 Thy stately posts, I'll think of thee.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

And if my rival through would steal,
 Then prove thyself a trap of steel;
 And if he come within thy grasp,
 Then close on him with iron clasp.

But if my love should come this way,
 Spread wide thy folds and homage pay;
 And let thy hinge grate tuneful sound,
 And spread the jingling music 'round.
 And when thy frame and posts do rot,
 Which sure will make a fertile spot,
 May a young oaken sprout arise,
 With spreading branches to the skies;
 There may the merry birds of Spring
 Alight, and to thy mem'ry sing.

SANDY'S RETURN FROM A COURTING EXPEDITION.

The morning was serene and mild,
The birds did sweetly sing,
And Nature smiled as though she thought
It was the first of Spring;
But widely dif'rent was the scene,
Ere mid-day hour had past,
The sun began to wade through clouds
Which gather'd round him fast.

Poor Sandy dreaded to depart,
Although the clouds did lower,
He would procrastinate the time
And still defer the hour;
And would you know what caused his stay?
Why, I will briefly tell,
Young Sandy lov'd a charming maid,
Ah yes! he loved full well.

He often had declar'd his love,
His tender love to her,
But she was so mysterious,
She made him doubt and fear;
Ah! it was cruel and unkind
Her lover to evade,
And Sandy wished himself at home—
To speak, he was afraid.

Sometimes he spoke ambiguously,
For that was all the chance,
Or else he rais'd his eyes to her's
With an expressive glance ;
She comprehended all he said,
And ev'ry hint and sign,
But would not let him say the word ;
My love, will you be mine ?

Poor Sandy counted o'er his toils,
His mis'ry and his pain,
And almost vow'd he'd never see
His charmer's face again.
She saw him hang his head, and sigh,
She knew his wretched state ;
And yet she would conceal from him
The knowledge of his fate.

At length he thought it time to go,
His patience had worn out ;
With heavy heart he did prepare
To be upon his route ;
But ere the fatal hour had come
In which he was to go,
She thought she'd slightly raise his hopes,
And then she'd leave him so.

She said his pleasure he might use,
Might come or keep away,
And this was spoke with accent mild,
'Twas neither yea nor nay ;

No explanation would she give,
And Sandy feared to know ;
It threw him into ecstasy,
'Twas more of yes than no.

Young Sandy mark'd the day on which
Again he would be there,
Then took his leave of his dear love,
'Twixt hope and sad despair ;
"Speed, speed my courser," Sandy said,
And onward swift he rode,
But oft he turn'd his wishful eye
To view her lov'd abode.

Cold blew the wind, fast fell the snow,
The roads were desperate bad,
The mud did fly on either side,
The elements were mad ;
The whist'ling winds and drifting snow
Did murmur round his head ;
He scarcely knew the spacious road
That to his dwelling led.

Just as the sable veil of night
Had spread dim twilight round,
Poor Sandy did arrive at home
And trod his native ground ;
So down he sat and 'mused the while,
But not a word did say,
Resolv'd once more to try his luck,
On March the 19th day.

SONNET TO M. D.

AN IMITATION.

Did I possess a thousand souls of love,
Pure as the saints that reign in bliss above,
With joyous pride I'd bow them at thy feet,
Could I but once a smile of kindness meet.
Had I of gold and gems a sparkling store,
Their worth unknown, not Plutus having more,
'Twould baseness be, and vile it would appear,
Thus to compare their worth with thee, my dear!
Oh! I would be a Homer, love, to write
Of thy sweet charms instead of cruel fight—
I'd sing of thee, and on the "shining page,"
Thy peerless name should live from age to age!
For my own sake fair Virtue I would be,
That I might claim affinity with thee.
I'd call on Fame, how much I love, to tell;
She should proclaim that I do love full well.
I fain would be an Argus but to view
With hundred eyes thy charms forever new.
I would be Time, that he should not molest
Thy cheek's fair bloom and whiteness of thy breast
I'd be Briareus, but to cling to thee
With arms of love, and heart of ecstasy.
I'd be a gale of odor sweet to blow
Refreshing breezes 'round thy neck of snow.
Contiguous with airy wings I'd play
With the cool breeze, and fly the sultry day.

For thy dear sake a fragrant shade I'd be,
A waving grove composed of myrtle tree ;
I'd be a lawn of tender grass and flower,
That thou might'st walk o'er me each happy hour.
I'd be a pool of water pure and sweet,
To bathe thee in whene'er oppress'd by heat.
To habit thee I'd be the month of May,
I'd cull the tints, most charming, new and gay ;
I'd be a rose to deck thy golden hair,
And rubies bright, that I might sparkle there.
I fain would be a golden broach to rest,
In snowy folds upon thy fragrant breast.
I fain would be the azure of the sky,
That I might swim i' the beauty of thine eye ;
I'd be a rain-bow, glorious to the view,
That you might gaze in transport ever new.
For to refresh, exhilarate and cheer,
I fain would be life's richest Elixir ;
The World's great King, I fain would quickly be,
That I might serve, adore and honor thee.
I'd fain be Love, that I might thee caress,
And Heaven itself, that I might thee possess.

B E L I N D A .

Imitated from a blank verse version of a Servian Ballad, translated by Mr. BOWRING.

Oh! she is lovely, innocent and fair,
As the sweet Vili* of the mountain air;
White are her cheeks—but tinged with the rose,
Like morning's beam upon the blushing snows;
And her bright eyes, two precious jewels be,
With mildness beaming and with chastity.
The silken ringlets of her auburn hair
In shining volumes shade her forehead fair;
And her sweet mouth, more sweet than honey dew,
Angels admire, and might for kisses sue;
Her ivory teeth in beauteous order stand,
Whiter than pearls just from the ocean's sand;
Her vi'let breath sends perfume on the air,
Sweet'ning the gales that waft her flaxen hair
O'er her white bosom—fair as orbs or foam
That ride on billows as 'mongst rocks they roam;
Her Syren voice in tender music flows,
Touching the heart as dew drops touch the rose;
And round her smiles a thousand graces play,
Her smiles that show the glowing of mid-day.

* An omnipresent spirit—airy and fanciful—ruling over mountains and forest—sometimes in a form of female beauty, gathering or dispersing the clouds.

THE PHRENETICK LOVER.

Extracted from an unpublished Manuscript, entitled "The Phrenetick Lover."

Oh that my eyes had 'scaped the fatal view
Of your dear face! I ne'er had thought of you,
Nor had I known thy sweet existence here,
The joy of hope nor felt the pain of fear.
Thou art too fair to be of this vile earth:
Some fairy island, sure did give thee birth,
Where pure and beauteous beings ever smile,
And walk the lawns of that fair blooming Isle,
Whose shady groves and ever smiling skies
Might well be said to vie with Paradise.

* * * * *

When wilt thou go to thy dear land again?
Where does it lie? Is it beyond the Main?
Do limped seas of crystal roll between
Earth and its shores, to hide the blissful scene
From the keen gaze of man's enquiring eye?
O tell me, love, where does the region lie?
Sure it is distant from the Icy Pole,
Where northern seas their freezing billows roll;
Nor is it near a torrid, burning land
Of heat intense, whose soil is scorching sand,
That doth reflect the rays of sultry day—
Where is thy land, Oh, lovely stranger, say?

* * * * *

Oh! tell me, love, when wilt thou take thy flight
To thy sweet home of heavenly delight?

Wilt thou embark in thy light barge, and fly
O'er the green seas, and leave me here to die?
Oh! let me go and view the charming Isle,
I'll gently row and sing of love the while.
Sure the sweet gales will waft us onward swift
To the fair coast——

There I should view with wonder, and descry
Spirits of love and beauty drawing nigh,
“To hail the bark,” that does right joyful roam
O'er beauteous seas, and welcome it to home.
Oh! let me go and view the Fairy Isle,
I'll softly row and chant of love the while.

When on the shady beach we land,
We'll gather flowers; hand in hand
We'll rove through all the bowers of spice,
And taste the sweets of Paradise;
We'll trip it o'er the painted grass,
Inhaling odor as we pass.
In blooming shades we'll wander far,
Bright Phœbus will appear a star,
In the deep maze we'll seated be,
The gods themselves will envy me.
I'll watch the breezes as they blow
Thy golden ringlets to and fro,
And wish the sweet reviving gale,
Would whisper love and tell my tale.

Oh! let me go and view the charming Isle,
I'll row thee safe, and live on thy sweet smile.

STANZAS TO SPRING.

Come, with thy bloom and flowers, come,
Sweet season of the year ;
Parent of gems and roses, come,
Diffuse thy genial cheer.

Come, with thy soft, warm, glowing skies,
Fresh verdure spread around ;
As icy Winter melts away
Let beauty paint the ground.

Come, with thy gales of fragrance, come,
From odor breathing flow'rs ;
Let Nature smell thy balmy breath
And feel thy genial show'rs.

Come, with thy birds, sweet songsters, come,
Creation brightens as ye sing !
Ye hills, ye vales, ye rising fields,
O ! smile and welcome youthful Spring !

TO A FRIEND.

"It is not good for man to be alone."—GENESIS.

"Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possest,
Alone, and even in Paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scene surveyed,
And wandered in the solitary shade ;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed
Woman, the last, best gift reserved of God."
When the new Earth and spacious Heav'n were done,
Stars took their courses, and the glowing Sun
At once blazed forth in the unclouded sky,
Tinging creation with his golden dye,
And with his beams did bless the balmy earth,
Dispell'd the mists, and to the flowers gave birth ;
Then all the Songsters of the fragrant groves
Did recognize the partners of their loves ;
The playful Beasts, that sported on the green,
Harmonious, gay, and full of joy were seen.
But Man, forlorn, and like a stranger stood,
Viewing the works so beauteous, bright and good ;
And all the glories of the Earth and Sky,
Within the reach of his admiring eye,
And all the charms of natural Music's power,
The verdant landscape and the opening flower,
The gentle gales that 'wak'd the diamond wave,
And to the forest varying shadows gave,
That wafted sweets from all the blooming bow'rs,
The smell of essence from the scented flow'rs,

The golden fruit that hung inviting round,
Wav'd with the breeze and kiss'd the flow'r'y ground,
Were not enough; amid the scene so fair
Man was not happy—*Woman was not there.*

STAR LIGHT.

Theme for high thoughts, the Muse of earth may stray
To the fair fields beyond the Milky Way,
Cleave the bright skies, through starry ether go
And view the grandeur of the scene below.
On pensile orbs can her light footsteps tread,
While worlds of glory circle round her head?
And can she pierce the bright immensity
And swim in light through realms of poetry?
Yes! she can move in the blue depths below,
Or through the heights of chaos soaring go.
Let Fancy paint, Lo! how the heavens shine
With spangled worlds lit from a light divine:
In beauteous order and harmonious pace
They run the round of their eternal race.
Bright satellites pour forth their darting rays,
While stellar lights innumerable blaze.
Glorious effulgence—why are stars so bright?
Are they in heaven for universal light?
Or are they rays from God's eternal throne?
Or gorgeous lamps fix'd in creation's zone?

Or a brigh show'r of radiance from the gems
Of the Archangels' golden diadems?
How pure they seem—their thousand twinkling eyes
In burning glory roll along the skies ;
Slowly they move, a host of beauties they,
Chasing the glories of retiring day.

STANZAS TO ————— .

Time was when Health, with lovely splendor,
Touch'd thy fair cheek with modest red ;
And o'er thy form so soft, so tender,
Her rosy mantle gently spread.

Oh, why hath she withdrawn so soon
The cheerful influence of her power,
And given up, e'er life's bright noon,
To swift decline, a beauteous flow'r ?

I knew thee in thy infant years,
And yet I know and love thee—
Oh, thou art pure as the bright spheres
That shine in heaven above thee.

I know that Time's destroying hand
Hath not, as yet, molested thee ;
For his bright glass, with wasting sand,
Thy summer suns count sparingly.

I know thy home, thy native home,
Is in a clime where air is pure ;
No blasting vapors there do roam,
And from contagion thou art secure.

I know that thy dear friends are kind,
Indulgent, careful, good to thee ;
And none around thee thou wilt find,
That would not friends and favorites be.

Why then that beauteous cheek so pale
That was so fair in years gone by ?
O, why should fairest things first fail,
First lose their matchless, glowing dye ?

Oh ! is it Love, whose fearful pow'r
Sheds gloom upon thy life's young day,
And did he come in luckless hour
To steal thy happiness away ?

Oh ! if 'tis so, no more regret,
No longer grieve ; spurn thy distress ;
For there are others 'round thee yet,
That cannot—will not—love thee less.

T O A M I C U S .

Ye gentle Muses deign to touch
My silent strings again,
The harp all tuneless and unstrung,
Oh ! teach to wake a strain.

Unwreath the ivy from its chords,
The verdant ringlets sever,
That I with Amicus may sing—
O, Amicus, forever !

I have been list'ning to thy song,
Thy wild and varied measure,
'Till my fond Muse forgot to sing,
She listened with such pleasure.

And when she heard thy tuneful voice
Call her with such sweet power,
As from a magic spell she woke,
To leave her silent bower.

She heard thy call inviting her
To roam—"and hither stray,"
('Twas kind in thee,) and "soon or late,"
She'll willingly obey.

I love thee with a brother's love,
I love the name of Poet,
If e'er I sing another strain,
Amicus sure shall know it.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHOM THE AUTHOR SAW ENGAGED
IN HER DEVOTIONS.

Oh ! 'tis a holy charm that binds
This heart in ties of love to thee ;
The idea of thy innocence,
The attractions of thy piety.

A native beauty too is thine,
By Heaven's own hand consummate made—
A beauty, that shall bloom in bliss,
Where roses never fade.

For the bright clime above the skies
Will cherish every flower,
That blooms in lovely meekness here,
With its own fav'ring power.

The ardent breathings of the heart,
The young soul's fervent offering ;—
Oh ! 'tis a boon to Heaven dear,
A sacred, precious, holy thing.

I saw thee bow, with reverence meek,
In solemn worship, toward the throne
Of the Almighty's Mercy Seat,
To make thy supplications known.

On thy fair brow a beam divine
Of pure celestial radiance shone ;
'Twas "a reflection from above,"
A glorious lustre not thine own.

Oh ! if an humble pious prayer
E'er pierc'd the sapphire of the skies,
Thine was not lost in airy space,
But echoed sweet in Paradise.

LINES, ON SEEING THE RAINBOW.

When the satin clouds arise,
Soiling the bright azure skies,
And the fertilizing showers
Softly kiss the bending flowers ;
When the streaming fire of Heaven
Through its forked path is driven ;
When the thunder's awful sound
Shakes the pond'rous earth around ;
Then, O ! see the glorious sign
Of the covenant divine.*
Bow'd with grandeur in the skies,
See its orient colors rise,
With its gorgeous feet on earth,
Glorious now as at its birth.

* "And the bow shall be in the cloud and I will look upon it that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."—GEN.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Many a sterling muse hath sung,
In a lost, forgotten tongue,
Of thy origin, and why
Thou wert smiling in the sky.
Ages past, in darksome night,
Once beheld thee with delight,
Exalted in the firmament,
Curv'd in glory, newly bent.
Now to us thou art confest
Still in Heaven's roses drest.
Oh ! how pleasing to behold,
Thy bright span of varied gold !
Whilst the angry tempests frown,
Like a bride that lookest down,
Smiling through the tears of Heaven,
Bright as when to Noah given.

T O I——A.

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
When flowers bright were springing ;
And Nature, with her thousand tongues
Of melody was singing ;
That beauty touch'd my willing heart,
With love's resistless power ;
And all my senses felt the charm,
The magic of the hour.

Oh ! I would dwell forever near,
Those eyes that smile so cheering ;
And that fair brow of lily bloom,
And balmy lips endearing ;
The seraph tones of thy sweet voice,
Would shield my soul from sorrow,
And all their thrilling accents wake,
A pleasing, "gentle horror."

That fairy form of loveliness,
I'd press with fond devotion ;
And I should be forever lost,
In love's unbounded ocean.
O ! thou would'st be my idol fair,
By the kind powers given ;
And my rapt soul would own the gift,
And thou would'st be my Heaven.

MAY DAY SONG—TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

(AIR—*Jefferson and Liberty.*)

We come, Oh ! gentle fragrant May,
With our young lovely Queen to stray
O'er thy bright flow'rs and carpet green,
And we will trip it with our Queen.

Yes, she was chosen from the rest ;
The fairest flowers we love the best :
Sweet Mary, thus we honor thee,
And may thou ever happy be.

Those roses that adorn thy hair,
And those upon thy cheek so fair,
Dear girl, are emblems of thy mind,
By virtuous grace and love refin'd.

May naught disturb thy life's young day,
Now, we have crown'd thee Queen of May :
Sweet Mary, thus we honor thee,
And may thou ever happy be.

SKETCH FOR A PAINTER.

AN ACROSTIC.

Can you paint her bright as the clouds that fly
And float in the light of the morning sky ;
To which you may add the effulgence of day,
Hues glowing and bright as Phoebus's ray ;
And soft be the rose, in her bosom that glows,
Reflections selected from new fallen snows.
In the clear mild light, of her fine dark eye,
No diamond's bright spark of Venus can vie.
Enrich'd be the hues, her sweet lips diffuse,

With rose-buds all drown'd and dipt in the dews.
Have her brows and her cheek unclouded and bright,
Imbued with the rose, the lily and white.
To paint her fair neck, let the wild apple blow,
Let Heaven be seen, for the vision below.
On Ravens' dark wings, see the gloss for her hair,
Comb'd, tuck'd, and displayed luxuriant and rare ;
Kind, playful and wild, her smiles must appear,

Like Hope's fairy dream, as precious and dear.
On her bright, loose robe, your art must express,
Unfading and gay, the magic of dress ;
In which, when array'd, her attire will seem
So gloriously woven of rain-bow and beam ;
And swimming and rich as a lover's first dream.

View then her lov'd form ; your brush dip in light,
And finish the shades all glowing and bright.

TO THE EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER.

Will Mr. Editor excuse
 The freedom which I here may use,
 In telling him in uncouth rhyme
 That I received his bill in time.
 Six dollars—Ah ! 'tis justly due,
 With interest, if you claim it, too—
 But now that money's hard to make,
 Sir, would you not its value take
 In something that you'd have to buy ?
 Potatoes, wood, or beans, or rye ?
 My wife has turkeys, fat and fine,
 Which you can have for three and nine.
 Or, I will barter rhyme for news,
 In flowing verses, if you choose ;—
 For you must know poetic art—
 Nicias wounded to the heart—
 Made both his *peepers* red and sore,
 Good luck, sir, if it did no more.
 And Tim, who in your print appears,
 Hath *ended* him—I have my fears.

And now if turkeys you'll not take,
 And verses you yourself can make ;
 And corn and beans you have in store,
 A good supply, and want no more—
 Should naught suffice but money down,
 You'll get it when I come to town ;
 For 'tis a maxim "deeply laid,"
The Printer MUST AND SHALL BE PAID.

ELECTIONEERING.—A REMINISCENCE.

SCENE—*Albemarle Court House, April 1st, 1839.*

List, all ye patriot citizens,
Of every grade and name,
Whilst I rehearse in simple verse,
That which is known to fame.

At ringing of the Court House bell,
Bold freemen did repair—
And soon the spacious hall was fill'd—
The “sov’reigns,” they were there.

They were invited to attend,
And hear the Major tell
How he had run a steady course,
And had done all things well.

And sure enough he did get up
And give us an oration ;
And mentioned all that he had done
In his exalted station.

“He had betrayed no pledge or trust,
But was the very same
That he had been and ever was,
Save he had got a name—

Conservative, a musical
And gentle appellation,
That he was proud to own was his,
In every place and station.

Much did he say to prove that Banks
 Would answer every end,
To keep the public money safe,
 And never trade or lend.

And he did not forget Swartwourt,
 That sly, consummate villain,
Who took a packet and ran off,
 With Uncle Sammy's million.

He did prefer a middle place,
 A terra-firma station—
And would not to the clouds ascend,
 Or choose a low gradation."

And many other things he said,
 By way of illustration,
Which he enforced by argument,
 And ended his narration.

Then did the Gen'ral rise and tell
 " What he in time had done,
And what he did intend to do,
 If sent to Washington.

The Muses to his aid he brought,
 And Latin did repeat,
To show how perfect was the plan
 That would the Bank men beat.

And 'little Van' he did extol,
A financier most keen—
And then compared him to a mouse,
The sort in churches seen.

A star, he said, was rising high,
With an increasing motion,
The tail of which was Major G.,
Who wag'd it with devotion.

Our worthy Senator, the man
Misguided by ambition—
Who *tail and all* he did believe,
Were going to perdition.

And all who did his plan approve,
Or any part uphold,
Were much deluded in their views,
As Brockenbrough had told.

And he who at the Hermitage,
Was through his pent-holes peeping,
To mark the opposers of his will,
When they supposed him sleeping.

They dar'd not rouse the Lion when
The Hero was in power;
But when the *mouse* began to reign
They were Miss Puss in flour."

And other arguments he gave,
"From others he would then refrain,
To be elucidated when
The blood was not upon his brain."

Now much these gentlemen did say
Was true, concise and clear,
And when they next meet in debate,
May I be there to hear.

GRAND RACING IN ALBEMARLE.

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF MAY, 1839.

When great events are passing by,
And treasures are at stake ;
It is not strange that Jockies should
A little interest take.

The twenty-third of May arrived,
By law, the day for racing ;
And many a mother's son was seen
Along the high-way pacing.

Old Time, who ever wheels along,
Did in his dusky flight,
Bring up this great auspicious morn.
And summon'd fame to write.

Bright Phœbus hid his smiling face,
And clouds were spread around ;
Fit emblem of the foggy path,
In which the *Nags* were found.

Nor is it yet a thing more strange
That history should tell ;
How many a blooded courser fail'd,
And spavin'd charger fell.

Fell, on this celebrated day :
The Old Dominion course,
Was ne'er so slippery to their feet,
Or its condition worse.

Now the great signal bell is toll'd,
And then the coursers go ;
Full soon a great disparity
Is seen along the row.

'Twas obvious now to every eye,
That Bozinan was found,
Amid the rolling clouds of dust,
A biting of the ground.

This horse in days of yore, 'tis said,
When but a colt did run,
In this same county, a short race ;
And very well 'twas done.

But now 'tis o'er—defunct is he—
Still he will suit the farm ;
Just haul him out upon the field,
And he will do no harm.

Not many paces past him lay,
He of the bloody brain :
Who carried *rather too much weight*,
And thus, you see, was slain.

'Twas found, alas ! that he had been
A feeding in the stable,
'Till he could scarcely raise a trot,—
To run he was not able.

'Twas folly in proprietors,
And cruelty indeed ;
To enter for so long a heat,
A broken-winded steed :

Who in his better days had been
A runner of high merit ;
And was the thing that Jocky's call
A horse of racing spirit.

And now his swift competitor,
Not heeding curb or rein,
Is dimly in the distance seen
To skim the level plain :

Huzza ! for the *Conservative*—
His is a useless speed ;
To show his nerve and muscle thus,
There surely is no need.

O'er dangers strewn along his path,
With ease the race he run ;
He's like Apollo's winged horse,
Or Æthon of the sun.

Now in the dizzy distance mark—
Old Roz's rival went,
Just like an arrow from a bow,
By a strong archer bent.

He, too, was spending breath for naught—
A fighting *Cocke* may crow,
When he without the aid of spur,
Has laid his rival low.

At the same time and place there did
Two younger fillies run,
But no one would with them compete,
So Casper's work was done.

LINES AT THE CLOSE OF MY DIARY.

I sing the ruling power of Time,
Whose smiles the balmy fields array'd,
In vernal blooms, and deck'd the groves
With the green leaflet's pleasant shade.

I sing his bright untiring course,
As fruits and verdure crown the fields;
And Summer ardors quicken earth,
And rich and luscious treasure yields.

I sing the Autumn's blessed store,
Substantial comforts she doth own;
I've heard the warning voice of Time,
That makes the yellow leaves to moan.

I hear his mandate on the hills,
'Tis hoary Winter sweeping by;
The yellow leaves no more appear,
And clouds of snow obscure the sky.

I see his footsteps in the vales,
His pearls are shower'd all around;
His frosty mantle here is spread,—
The sparkling rivulet is bound.

Now as revolving seasons pass,
The days are noted in a book;
That I may see what once has been,
As I upon its pages look.

THE MARCH OF STEAM.

This is an age of wonders great,
As human arts prevail—
Mankind on Terra's surface skate,
Or through the air they sail.

They give their tho'ts the lightning's wing,
And speed them on a wire ;
They pass around creation's ring,
And will they not go higher ?

Will not their genius soaring high,
Amid the glit'ring main,
Arrive at Luna's in the sky,
Or twinkling star attain ?

Such thoughts as these—they will intrude,
When skill and might combine—
As yesterday a scene we view'd,
The Monster Steam Engine.

His smoky crest was waving high
'Mid Shadwell's towering hills ;
The Blue Ridge sure is coming nigh,
The Blue* Ridge at the Mills.

* The name of the Company's Engine.

And soon the voice of "Westward Ho,"*
Through hill and valley ringing;
Will through the massive mountain go,
With pond'rous burdens bringing.

The iron river newly made,
Beside Rivanna's stream,
Will vie in carrying on the trade,
And both with tonnage teem.

With all the world our trade will be,
And foreign climes will send
The products of the land and sea—
All to our 'vantage tend.

The day approaches when the power
Of giant steam shall go,
To where the Alleghanies tower,
And to the Ohio.

No bounded limit then may be,
In striding o'er the West;
Suppose it run from sea to sea,
And at each ocean rest.

* Another Engine.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF M. A. F.

Dear Margaret, to a happy rest,
In hope we do assign thee;
A glorious destiny above—
No earthly ties could bind thee.

In that fair clime beyond the skies,
Will aught in heav'n remind thee,
Of dearest friends remaining here,
In sorrow left behind thee?

The Spring renews her beauteous flow'rs—
Some sixteen summers bless'd thee;
Then in the Paradise of love,
In shining robes they dress'd thee.

Gone to the spirit land, my child,
Angels of God may greet thee;
And in the blessed realms we hope,
Ere long, we all shall meet thee.

But should long years of time go by,
Ere we in bliss may join thee;
Celestial guides shew us the way,
Where we in heav'n may find thee.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

We die, but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no dial-plate there to count the hours of Time. There is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave and when it wakes to judgment.—DR. SPRING.

Eternal Time is moving on,
And ages are forever gone ;
His starry wings throw shadows back,
And darkness gathers on his track—
Oblivion dims historic page—
The epoch lost, and lost the age.
Long cent'ries pass unheeded by,
Forgotten races prostrate lie ;
Dread revolutions shake the world,
And Kings are from their empires hurled ;
Young States arise in mighty power,
All in the slumber of an hour.
A thousand years may pass away,
But to the dead 'tis but a day ;
No "dial-plate" is there to show
The lapse of ages as they go.
The marble monuments may tell
Of inmates in the narrow cell ;
Inscriptions carved in mould'ring stone,
Shew to the living, ages flown ;
But to the quiet dead below,
In silence unobserved they go.

The busy world of life that steers
Above them, never greets their ears ;
Nor sorrow, grief, nor sad despair,
Nor love, nor joy, can reach them there.
Nor morn, nor eve to them is known,
No sounds disturb their silent bourne ;
No planets roll before their eyes,
No glorious sun to sit and rise—
No fragrant flower around may bloom—
The sleeper sees not through the tomb.
Friend after friend are laid beside
Their resting place, there to abide,
Until the great uprising day
Shall wake from earth their sleeping clay.
And then 'twill seem a moment's space,
Had intervened to end their race ;
And usher in the day of days,
When Gabriel's trump the world shall raise.

SWEET LILIES BLOOM ABOVE THEE.

I saw the blooming lilies wave,
Their beauties o'er thy lowly bed;
Whilst thou art sleeping in the grave,
Sweet lilies rise above thy head.

And they, as angel watchers, stand
Above thy quiet place of rest;
O! may no sacrilegious hand,
E'er dare their beauties to molest.

With purple banners all unfurled,
They meet the morning's dewy air;
Whilst rising Phœbus cheers the world,
Their sword and spear may triumph there.

The harvest rose is at thy feet,
And damask roses at thy head,
To greet thy friends as they may meet,
In sadness o'er the blessed dead.

King Solomon was not array'd
In glory such as these we see—
But soon their tender bloom is made
To fall, my dearest child, like thee.

Yet soon the lovely flow'r shall rise,
Reformed, renew'd, in vernal bloom;
And so shall thou ascend the skies,
Renew'd and glorious, from the tomb.

MONTICELLO, CHARLOTTESVILLE AND CENTRAL RAIL-
ROAD SCENERY.

I claim the Muse's tuneful aid,
In pleasing verse to tell,
Of Monticello's sacred shade—
Of river, glade and dell.

'Tis pleasant in a wintry hour,
To view thy snowy form,
Uprising from Rivanna's stream,
In sun-lit noon or storm.

Or in the gentle Spring to mark,
Thy woody northern side,
And southern landscape fair to view,
Then blooming as a bride.

Or in the ardent Summer days,
To view the waving grain,
That on thy southern borders dance,
In sunshine or in rain.

Or in Autumnal hour to see,
Thy leaves descending round ;
That in decay bright colors blend,
And softly kiss the ground.

Or from thy classic summit, who
That ever stood afar,
And gazed upon thy breezy height,
Wished not himself were there ;

That he might, with untiring eye,
Scan the wide scene displayed,
Of mountains, hills and level plains,
And shady dell and glade—

Of red-lands in high culture seen,
Like Eden gardens spread;
With neat partitions all between,
And flock, and herds, and bread.

Far to the North and West are pil'd,
In a long string of blue—
Virginia's Andes pierce the clouds,
And noble is the view.

See the huge Peaks of Otter stand
Alone in the South-west;
Like giants in a mortal fray,
Who parley for a rest.

There is a town—and there descry
Virginia's hope and pride;
The Patriot's last bequest is there,*
The last work ere he died.

Her lofty walls and glitt'ring dome,
In marble columns drest;

* Mr. Jefferson's connection with the University.

Pavillions in fair order stand,
About her shining crest.

There Science opes the gates of light,
And knowledge, pow'r and fame,
From Academic walls expand—
The Student carves a name.

Turn to the level East—observe
A lowland scene unfold ;
The pinetops of the forest gleam,
All drest in blue and gold—

Like a broad ocean far away,
Where the green billows sleep,
And not a *mountain wave disturbs*
The smooth and quiet deep.

There Shadwell's busy mills appear,
Whose corner stone was laid,
By the great architect himself,*
Who mightier buildings made.

Extensive cotton mills are here,
With a fine water-power,
And some are making cotton goods,
And some are making flour.

* Mr. Jefferson.

Rivanna, in its devious course,
Foams o'er its rocky bed ;
A hasty shower quickly sends
A torrent color'd red.*

And by that river's sparkling stream,
A road above the tides,
Meanders through a mountain pass,
Along the rich hill sides.

And on its iron line is seen,
(By fiery agents driven,)
The locomotive whirling past—
A flying speed is given.

O'er iron bridges, running high,
A fearful gulf traversing—
The rippling waters far beneath—
The clouds above dispersing.

Now, stranger, if you wish to see
Fair *Piedmont* as you glide—
Just step upon the Railroad Cars,
And o'er her bosom ride.

At Charlotte's pretty town you stop,
By letting off the steam—

* Caused by the washings from the red soil of Albemarle.

You take a little rest and then—
All is a waking dream.

And when your rest and dream are o'er,
And you would wish to go,
You may by steam retrace your flight,
Or "go it," Westward, Ho.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

How many rising suns have set
Since we this life began?
From helpless infancy we come
Maturely up to man.
On the high road of life we go,
Along the beaten way,
That leads unerring to the end
Of life's uncertain day.

The wayward pilgrim hies along,
Through darkness, sun and shade;
His life is but a mazy dance,
Of joy and sorrow made.
What varied scenes arise to view,
As forward on we press;
Our life is but a mixed affair,
Of pleasure and distress.

The road seems length'ning as we go,
And short when we look back ;
We soon arrive at manhood's prime,
High on the slipp'ry track.
There we survey, with hopeful eyes,
The future as a dream—
A fairy land before us lies,
And glorious it may seem.

But as we go the shadows fly,
Realities appear ;
If pleasure beckons us along,
We find that pain is near :
Both on the right and left attend
Our footsteps as we go,
Companions of our wanderings—
'Tis fate ordained it so.

Soon we are passing down the vale,
Dark shadows rise behind us ;
And time is hast'ning on apace—
Mortality will find us :
We see that we have been pursued,
Our journey's near the end ;
The misty future is ahead,
Oblivion seems a friend.

Soon the contracted roads divide—
There is the shining gate,
That opens to the blissful climes
Of a celestial state :

And there the broad and downward way,
By Revelation shown;
Its flaming portals spreading wide—
There hopeless spirits moan.

LAMENT OF THE FALLEN FACTORY BELL.

On a pinnacle most high,
Nearest to the vaulted sky,
Resting place for me was found,
Where my echoes loud could sound.
Under me a thousand wheels,
'Mid revolving cotton reels,
On their polished axles spun,
'Till the twisted work was done;
And the clat'ring power looms,
Sounded through the dizzy rooms;
And the shuttles' busy ply,
Baffl'd the astonished eye.

In the morning's early prime,
I would strike the hour of time,
Rousing the industrious crowd,
With my echoes long and loud.
And the drowsy world around,
Rose from slumber at the sound—
To his work the artist hies,
E'er the golden Phœbus rise—

Then the given hour for meals,
I proclaim'd and stopt the wheels—
Rolling shaft and flying drum,
Heard my voice and ceased to hum.
Then again I gave the call :
Come to business, one and all—
Mine the task to count the day,
As the hours wore away ;
'Till the evening shades appear'd,
Then my welcome voice was heard,
Calling men to their repose,
'Till the early morning rose.

Now my sad and solemn fate,
In few words I will relate—
Dread misfortune me befell,
Silent is the Factory Bell.
Flames ascended to the skies,
Shadwell Bell in ruin lies ;
Twirling shafts o'er me were laid,
Spur and bevel gear were staid—
Driving belts and master band,
Crisping, fell as rope of sand—
Motion ceas'd, and tumbling wall
Broke on me with mighty fall ;
Hurl'd by gravitation, deep
In my cind'ry bed to sleep.
But methinks I hear a sound,
As I lie beneath the ground—

*“Resurrection day is nigh,
You again will swing on high;
And your sum’ning voice shall cheer—
Operatives far and near.”*
Then will move the polish’d wheels,
’Mid the snowy cotton reels,
And my sudden exit seem,
But the semblance of a dream.

AN APOSTROPHE—TO THE HAPPY ONE.

O! could yon grassy hillock burst,
And from the earth an Angel rise,
And in ascending glory fly
Towards the realms of Paradise—
And could thy glorious spirit turn
One moment to thy natal home—
(Array’d in costume of the skies)
Where thy glad footsteps once did roam—
Then would these mortal eyes perceive
Thy long lost image, dress’d in light;
And crowned with radiance view thy face
In smiles, as once was my delight.
Fain would my soul arrest thy wings—
Detain thee still one moment here;
’Till I were lost in rapturous gaze,
And dream’d in Heav’n to meet my dear.

TO AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY FRIEND, ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE CAREER OF LIFE.

My ancient friend of other days,
May joy and peace attend thee,
Whilst passing on thy quiet way,
'Till time and nature end thee.

Thou art a man as few have been,
Much like to "John my Joe;"
May blessings meet thee everywhere,
And peace go where you go.

Well I remember youthful days,
And boyhood's happy morn;
When oft I met young smiling friends,
The most of whom are gone.

I met them at the frugal board,
And at thy fire side;
But now in other climes they are—
Far distant they abide.

But others choose Virginia's clime,
And them I still may see;
In ease and honor they remain,
Still valued friends they be.

And thou art here among us still—
A vet'ran thou hast been ;
Thy manly form on Yorktown's plains,
Once on a time was seen.

The Starry Banner, too, was there,
That wav'd o'er conquer'd foe—
In the assaulting ranks was seen
“*John Anderson, my Joe.*”

No better shot was there than he,
For *red coat* or a buck—
If e'er his polish'd tube was rais'd,
He always had good luck.

Thine eyes beheld the wav'ring ranks
Of Britain's pride and might ;
Thine arm the invaders help'd to rout,
In that decisive fight.

And thou did'st see the mighty hosts
Of enemies subdu'd ;
And led away to ground their arms—
Great Washington review'd.

Oppression trembled at the sight,
And, fearful, look'd around—
The dauntless form of Freedom stood
Firm, on the bloody ground.

These trying scenes have passed away,
 Long happy years were thine—
 Thou art a soldier of the Cross,
 For conquest more divine.

In nature's course few years remain,
 E'er thou depart from hence;
 By virtue thou shalt take by storm
 A heav'nly residence.

TRIALS OF THREE AMOROUS LAWYERS;

OR,

Difficulties in the Road to Promotion.

“Three lawyers, three lawyers, three lawyers, we are,
 A courting your daughter, so young and so fair.”

OLD SONG.

The potent monarch of the day,
 'Neath morning clouds had hid his ray;
 Ill-omen'd mists his face did vail,
 And inauspicious was the gale,
 When three smart lawyers did agree,
 That they would take a courting spree.
 Old farmer Redland has a prize—
 A dame for each, with sparkling eyes—
 And then, to suit our hopes and wishes,
 The track is clear for loaves and fishes.

An omnibus in Charlottestown
Was painted bright and done up brown—
Two span of horses were procur'd,
And soon our gents were snugly stor'd.
All right—Postillion, go it, man ;
And swift away the lawyers ran.
The coachman made his whip now crack,
And whirl'd along the splashy track ;
Well pleas'd with every thing they saw,
Nor thought of equity or law.
Old Blackstone was a letter dead,
And all reports had left their head—
Of love and glory was their chat,
And *Union* was the thing most pat.
Proceeding at a dang'rous speed,
These *Union men* would take no heed,
'Till by a sudden jerk they found
The coach had stuck deep in the ground.
Now out upon the miry way,
Our heroes stood and did survey
Their omnibus, in mud-hole deep—
'Twas vain to either laugh or weep.
What shall we do?—O ! driver, tell,
We're here, good fellow, for a spell.
Take from the lead that curried steed ;
No time to lose—go in full speed—
Tell Garth and Bowcock to come here,
With all their horses and strong gear ;
For, by the living gingers, we,
Without their aid, give up the spree ;

And don't forget, you clever rider,
That we're still the boys for cider.
Tell Garth to bring the *sort that's hard*;
And we'll reward you if we're spared—
Tell them the quag-mire holds us strong,
The shout avails not, nor the thong—
If they their shoulders will apply,
The wheels will move, the mud will fly—
And to reward our dearest friends,
We'll make a Railroad for amends :
So that in turn our friends may ride,
And smoothly on their courses glide.

Soon Garth and Bowcock did appear,
With horses strong, and proper gear;
The bottled cider freely flow'd,
And each partook *without a gourd*—
A shout they rais'd full very soon,
Now, boys, we're safe as any *coon*—
Their shoulders planted 'gainst the wheels,
And in the mud they stuck their heels;
The whips now crack and horses strain,
But every effort proves in vain.
Now, quite dismay'd, these legal gents
Back'd out and sat upon the fence;
Well out of wind each mother's son—
What more could Hercules have done?
Back to the town our wooers go,
With lengthen'd visages of woe;
No sparkling eyes did them beguile,
Or pretty maidens on them smile.

The only words, their hearts to ease,
In hopeful accents spoke, were these :—
By Jove ! when next we take a ride,
We'll try the road the other side.

TO THE HARP OF ELLENDALE.

O, mystic harp ! Thy soft and mellow strain
Vibrates symphonious on our ears again—
Sure thou hast lain in silent rapture blest,
Till *Ellen* drew thee from thy place of rest.
Now, we shall listen to thy tuneful glee—
Now, *Saint*, now Satan, as thy choice may be ;
Or if "*our Ellen*" should thy muse inspire,
We listen still to Ellendale's sweet lyre.
Sure Dante's spirit flits among thy groves,
And Love himself in thy sweet valley roves.
Hades may gleam, and scamp'ring Imps may fly ;
And Heaven's portals beam in Ellen's eye.
The world should know the Harp of Ellendale ;
Where e'er 'tis heard, its winsome notes prevail ;
Encore, again, give us the glowing fire—
The dreamy echoes of thy charming lyre.

THE DEW DROP.

The stars are brilliant in the sky,
The deep hath gems of sparkling ray,
The verdant earth a rival has,
As pure and beautiful as they.

Like diamond's spark they glow and shine,
Or like unclouded "skies, seen through"
Its trembling, changing, azure beams,
The sweet pellucid, glit'ring dew!

It tarries 'till its emerald gleam
The breath of southern gales makes dry;
And its last quivers flash and play,
Like topaz flame upon the eye.

Lo! the green blades all fresh with pearls—
Bright jewels every trembling one;
The richest gems of earth are here,
Kiss'd by the early morning sun.

LINES LAUDATORY OF THE IMPROVEMENT ACTS OF
THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA.

(SESSION 1852-3.)

Historic muse, begin the lay,
The march of mind is on the way
That leads to honest fame ;
Smit by a high progressive pow'r,
Like a young giant she doth tow'r—
We hail Virginia's name.

It is Virginia rising high,
Her mighty energies to try,
In this enlighten'd day—
Th' eternal principles of truth,
Now renovate her sluggish youth—
Bid error flee away.

Heroic deeds of bloodless strife
Have wak'd her into vital life !
Thanks to our men of State—
The everlasting hills give way,
(For gold is stronger far they ;)
Wise men did legislate !

Our highways of the world are made
Through mountain high, or level glade ;
Our fortunate location,
Commands the trade of ev'ry clime,
And we shall, in due course of time,
Have trade with ev'ry nation.

Our works of national design—
The wide canal, the railroad line—
 Shall with old Time endure :
These lasting monuments display
The skill and science of this day ;
 Stern prejudice they cure.

The golden stream of wealth shall flow
With our improvements as they go,
 All debts to liquidate :
And whether we do skim the ground,
Or flying through the air be found,
 We shall be truly great.

M Y M O T H E R .

“ ’Twas Sabbath evening, calm and still,”
And noiselessly flow’d the gentle rill—
(Let us not murmur at God’s will,)
 When mother died.

Lov’d friends had gath’red ’round her bed,
When pain and earthly sorrows fled,
They saw her numbered with the dead—
 My mother, dear.

But closer still around her pressed,
An angel hand from regions blest,
To bear her weary soul to rest,
From earthly cares.

Long years on earth had been her own,
But now her happy spirit's flown,
Where pain and sorrow are unknown—
To the blest realms.

Her tot'ring form and footstep's fall
No more shall on the needy call ;
For she was kind and good to all,
When present here.

Now, to her everlasting rest,
Her spirit hastens to be blest ;
We bow to the divine behest—
Now she is gone.

O ! for that holy clime afar,
For which she urged us to prepare,
And wish'd us all to meet her there.
My Mother's wish.

And shall we not her rest attain ?
And strive the pearly gates to gain ?
And glorious ever live and reign
With mother there ?

LINES TO THE COMET OF 1853.

Celestial stranger ! thou art now confest
In glorious motion, north of radiant west—
Thy flashing trail and burning face we view,
And cannot say if thou be old or new ;
Cannot divine where thou hast roaming been—
What lands unknown or boundless realms have seen ;
Through which thy rays have shot their scorching light—
The sun perhaps, of other worlds most bright ;
Say, dost thou stray from thy hot orbit's round ?
Or why it is thou art careering found ;
Like a lost Pleiad, in its brilliant race,
O'er-leaping bounds, partitions, time and space.
Did'st thou with time eternal first begin ?
Saw Eden bloom, and the first mortal sin ;
Saw Adam eat, cast out, and lingering die ;
Saw the first rainbow that bedeck'd the sky ?
Dids't thou, in the great deluge, hoist thy tail,
When the wide waters did o'er all prevail ?—
The laws of order scarce acknowledge thee—
Untold thy course, unmeasur'd thou doth flee
Through trackless ether ; and the shining frame
Of Heaven gives thee not a place or name.

THE BELLE OF MEMPHIS.

Bring me a rose, a beauteous rose,
All bright with sparkling dew;
Bring freshness from the early morn,
That I may think of you.

Bring blossoms sweet from ev'ry clime,
Rich tints of ev'ry hue,
And all the splendid flow'rs that blow,
That I may think of you.

Bring zephyrs from Arabian fields,
Bright gems bring from Peru,
Bring California's riches here—
All cannot rival you.

Bring purple from the morning skies,
Bring all that's bright and true;
Bring me a glorious Heav'n, and then,
May I not think of you?

Nay, bring not these—a seraph bring,
Bring to my raptur'd view,
The Belle of Memphis, deck'd in smiles;
O, then I'll think of you.

LINES INSCRIBED TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

“There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Form’d for the good alone.”
And faith beholds thee dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

There is a world of bliss,
“Where life is not a breath ;”
There we shall oft remember this,
When freed from sin and death ;
There Heav’n’s perennial flow’rs shall bloom
In beauty far beyond the tomb.

The lov’d of earth shall go
To the blest climes on high ;
And ’tis our chief delight to know,
(Though dearest friends may die ;)
Yet they shall live in a brighter sphere,
Than mortals ever dream’d of here.

Time, like a rolling sea,
Is bearing us away ;
And soon this fragile life shall be
Merg’d into brighter day ;
There friends and kindred join again,
And joyous ever live and reign.

THE NEWSPAPER.

There is a world not circular,
As Terra's boundaries seem ;
But oblong, flat, a paper world,
Where vast creations teem.
There inky characters reflect,
Just like a shining glass—
The distant portions and the near,
In huge procession pass.

There we may look o'er the broad waste
Of waters far and wide—
See distant Empires rise and fall,
As changing time doth glide.
No need to circumnavigate—
The North and South are here ;
The East and West are in review ;
The distant and the near.

Unloose the case, unfurl the sheet—
The first—what may it be ?
'Tis a review of Wagram's field,
Through Headley's glass we see ;
We see two marshall'd armies move—
The solid earth is shaking ;
Long, gleaming lines are rolling back,
The cannon shot are raking.

The milk-white charger, *Euphrates*,
Bounds o'er the gory dead ;
It is Napoleon guides the rein,
His vet'ran troops have fled ;
"McDonald, forward to the charge—
Full on their centre break—
'Tis by your might an Empire stands,
An Empire is at stake."

The peal of trumpets sound afresh,
Soon the dread fight is won ;
The Austrian centre disappears,
And the great work is done.
The angel, Pity, hovers o'er,
And sickens at the sight ;
Ah ! many saw their rising sun
Forever sunk in night.

From havoc, blood and war we turn
To view fair Canaan's hills ;
The rugged steep, the aqueduct,
The foaming mountain rills.
We see the very place whereat
Old Joshua blew his horn ;
And Jericho's proud walls were flat—
All vestiges are gone.

Here is Mount Zion, all in view—
The Jordan's rippling wave ;
And here, a Christian doth immerse
In the baptismal grave.

He stands where John the Baptist stood ;
A greater one than he,
Once in that rolling stream fulfill'd
The rights of purity.

A pilgrim he, from distant land,
A missionary man—
He dwells in ancient Palestine—
Does all the good he can.

Now turn from Holy land and see
The Western world unfold—
There new and glowing cities gleam,
And there the land of gold.
Fair California's mountains rise,
And every valley shines ;
Two millions of the precious dust,
Have just come from the mines.

The topmost city of the earth,
De Pasco, of Peru,
Where miners dig the silver ore,
Is plainly brought to view.
Two miles and more above the sea,
This mountain city shines,
Where Andes spread their table lands ;
Her streets are working mines.

From other scenes abroad, we turn,
Near home we love to range,
Synoptical our sketch must be,
Progressive, as we change—

Here is Virginia, stretching wide,
From rivers to the sea ;
A list of counties here we have,
Which voted full and free.

There is the Alexandria Road,
That ends at Gordonsville ;
Shall it remain or go ahead,
Connecting farther still ?
Shall it not meet the iron track,
At the Tobacco City
In a straight line its course must be,
Or great will be the pity.

There is a new establishment,
Sweet fruits—confectionary ;
Where every fancy thing is found—
But nothing to make merry.
A dwelling house for rent is here,
On Main street, Charlottesville,
Just over Stevens' fancy store—
Come view it, you who will.

An agent for the Monument,
Friend Rawlings, has been here ;
From five election precincts he
Did get a scanty share.
Cannot our patriotic friends
Do better ? let us try,
O, had I cash, sure I would help
To raise it to the sky.

In this District the Democrats
Claim near six hundred gain—
They *Pierce* the Chief of many fights;
Hurrah for Lundy's Lane.
Is it not right that he who did
Our enemies assail;
“In trying to subdue his friends,
Most gloriously should fail?”

There is a talk about the Banks—
A lifting of the veil;
Sure Daniel doth astonish me,
To read him none should fail.
Just see the decent way in which
They hold on to their metal;
The Legislature will, no doubt,
This question wisely settle.

A stage from Staunton overturn'd
Upon the Blue Ridge side;
An accident it was of course;
None of the hurt have died.
Some gypsies near the town did camp,
From Pharaoh's land they roam—
But still the “*strong dear Irish brogue*,”
Points to their native home.

The Senate's orders of the day,
On bills for certain ends,
Soon then and there they will discuss,
And each will have its friends.

Among the rest, the Railroad bill,
 (Lynchburg and Tennessee ;)
Will have a hearing, and we hope,
 Its friends will many be.

And soon our Central Road must have
 Its share of bounteous favor ;
For sure it will a scandal be,
 Should any dare to waver.
Give us the roads that cross the State,
 The wealth we all desire,
Will flow into her fertile lap—
 “ Virginia never tire.”

Astronomy sublimely strides,
 High in the shining skies ;
No dazzling splendor there averts
 Her searching eagle eyes.
Some fellow peering at the stars,
 Saw the bright Jovian train,
Struck by a Lexal Comet's tail ;
 And dreadful was the rain.

And this same knowing chap declares,
 “ By Comets we're surrounded ;
Should a collision e'er take place,
 The earth will sure be drowned.”
For Comets are but wat'ry globes,
 That keep no rules of motion—
Should one get tangled in our sphere,
 The earth would be an ocean.

We should not need friend Goodman then,
Who sells us twisted guns ;
Nor would a man who had no change,
Be dodging from the duns.
Nor Boyle & Hasson grave work make,
For none of us would ever
Negotiate for epitaph—
Though chiseled e'er so clever.

No more at present we rehearse
About this day and date—
Condensing, glimpsing views are here,
Of circumstance and state.
The half has not been told you yet—
But so it is—adieu—
Just buy the Jeffersonian, sir,
And read it, fresh and new.

PICTURE OF A SLANDEROUS SCOLD.

From her expanded, frothy mouth, there flew
A winged storm of blazing words, that stank,
As they rush'd forth, of the hot smell of brandy.
Such barb'rous words! And they were driven forth
In one eternal torrent—black as night—
With all the fiery zig zags twirling round!
Who could such roaring storm of language stand?
The sage had curs'd—philosophy was mute,
With chilly horror; blest had been the deaf!
There Virtue stood with finger in her ears;
Whilst Innocence was slander'd—roll'd in filth;
And Truth lay writhing in polluted dust!
E'en those who long in silent dust had slept,
She did upraise, disturb'd their peaceful rest;
And with her breath did black them o'er with poison,
With stains of smut the living can't forget!
E'en Satan's Imps contiguous hover'd round,
And hid their sable faces!

L I N E S .

(Written with a pencil during the author's confinement from
a severe fall.)

The young and smiling Spring is here,
Sweet bloom and bursting buds appear;
And yonder meadow bright and green
Is dimly through my window seen.
The maple tree beside the stream,
With purple cups its bowers teem;
The many birds I cannot see,
But I can hear their melody;
Their rendezvous the trees around,
Or nimbly skipping on the ground.

One sunlit noon a robin stood
High perch'd among the locust wood,
With gleeful notes his song he raised—
(The warbler of my grove I prais'd,)
When suddenly a gun was heard,
That brought so low my bleeding bird!
O! why should man with cruel art,
Send through thy frame his leaden dart?
Now thy sweet song no more shall rise,
For low the red-breast songster lies!
Yet other birds may fill thy place,
Of blue bird or of robin race;
And other songs may catch my ear,
With notes as rural, sweet and clear.

The sun is up and diamonds gleam,
O'er dewy grass and rippling stream.
Sweet season of the changeful year,
Thy glories ever new appear !
Thy beauties paint the flow'ry vale,
And o'er the blooming hills prevail.

Through pleasant fields I cannot rove,
But I am still with those I love ;
And neighbors kind and friends are near,
To soothe, encourage, help and cheer—
Professors of "the healing art,"
Their science skillfully impart,
To raise me from a couch of pain,
To life and health and strength again—
'Tis Providence that smiles o'er all,
Bids man arise, or sparrows fall.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Kind patrons of the press, attend ;
Behold your CARRIER BOY
Is out to visit ev'ry friend,
Their favors to enjoy.

He wishes all prosperity,
On this glad Christmas day ;
When presents are in fashion, he
Goes hopeful on his way.

With gratitude at ev'ry turn,
He finds the friends who give—
May blessings meet them ev'ry where,
As long as they may live.

Sure Printing is a glorious Art—
Strong in its growing might ;
The world had still in darkness been,
But for its spreading light.

Look up and see the burning stars—
Those types that God has set ;
The nations from the birth of time
Have read, and read them yet—

All glorious and forever bright,
Their penciled clusters shine ;
The lofty sky is but a scroll,
To prove the Art divine.

The earth is dotted o'er with type ;
Green vales and mountains high
Are brilliant copies from the hand
That prints the glowing sky.

And the wide ocean's silver sheet,
Like a vast mirror spread,
Reflects the capitals on high—
“ ’ *Tis lettered without lead.*”

The sun is the great chandelier,
That in the Heav'ns lead ;
A gas light of celestial flame,
“ AND HE THAT RUNS MAY READ !”

We clearly trace the noble Art,
To antique time remote,
When Heav'n's great Typographer,
For his own glory wrote.

Your citizens are building men,
Improvements here and there
Show wealth and ease, and ev'rything
Is flourishing and fair.

A Railroad scheme is now on foot,
A grand, connecting plan—
If you would win a brilliant prize,
“ *Stir,*” every one who can.

Another church has risen up,
With steeple bright and high,
To point to erring unbelief
The pathway to the sky.

A new and spacious banking-house,
Now in your 'Ville is found;
Facilities it doth afford,
For all the country 'round.

And Monticello's solvent bank,
We all appreciate;
No lack of funds at six per cent.—
A reasonable rate.

The Fathers of your prosperous town,
Consult your health and ease;
Your walks are better'd, streets improv'd—
Judicious their decrees.

Your pleasant town no rival has—
Its scenery doth invite
The roving stranger from his way,
To linger with delight.

And now your humble CARRIER,
Hath dallied with the muses;
Expectant, with his hat in hand—
“*The chink he ne'er refuses.*”

And why should not his empty purse,
The "*shiners well contain*,"
And ev'ry corner, lane, and street,
Add to his stock of gain?

And why should not his verses flow,
On this auspicious day,
When happy faces ev'ry where,
Are out upon the way?

Some to the shops are tripping on—
The delicacies there,
Array'd in ev'ry fancy form,
Present delicious fare.

But woe is he who does not take,
His quarter, dime or grot;
'Tis sure a great calamity
To him who has them not.

Then, Patrons kind, relief bestow,
O, give the means of bliss;
And well his pockets will contain,
What yours will never miss.

A little purse he has prepar'd,
To put the "*rino*" in;
What wondrous views of happiness,
Goes ever with the "*tin*."

But if the "*tin*" is not at hand,
He'll change a "*Monticello*"—
A "*Ficklin*," sir, will do as well,
To make a happy fellow.

And now, my generous friends, I go
Where fancy leads the way;
A long and happy life be yours—
And bless'd be CHRISTMAS DAY.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

Lead me to the mountain top,
To the place where I was born;
Where my infant eyes beheld
The first rays of early morn.

Where the golden God of Day,
Spreads his roses o'er the sky,
And, at noon, his floods of light
Streameth from his gates on high.

Evening deck'd with Tyrian dyes,
Shows where Phœbus left his smile;

And rich pencilings of light,
Linger 'round each cloudy pile.

Beautiful the night is here,
When the glowing stars appear,
Pouring out upon the skies,
Myriads of twinkling eyes.

Stars and moon, and glowing sun,
Seemingly more glorious run ;
All is bright, serene and clear—
Save when wat'ry clouds appear.

And when booming thunders crash,
And the quiv'ring lightnings flash—
Then with wondrous awe I stand,
Musing o'er a scene so grand.

Pure the air, no vapors roam,
O'er my childhood's early home ;
Save the gath'ring of a fog,
Such as never rose from bog ;

Which the sun may chase away,
Curling 'neath the rising day,
To the woody gorges deep,
Where its wreathing waves may sleep.

Who, that ever here hath stray'd,
Hath not o'er his time delayed ;

When the early budding Spring,
All things fresh and new doth bring.

When the dogwood's starry bloom,
And the redbud's rich perfume,
O'er the flow'ry height is spread—
Then and there may I be led.

There may I a landscape view,
Which the low-lands never knew;
There may I delighted rove,
'Neath my charming mountain grove.

Rich the canopy o'er head,
With the blossoms white and red;
And the flowers, ev'ry where,
Spread their perfume on the air.

Pleasant is yon shady nook,
Close beside the gurgling brook;
Where the fragrant vines do creep,
And no ardent rays may peep.

There the leaves and breezes play,
With each other, all the day;
Mossy rock my cushion'd seat—
Then my Mountain Home is sweet.

Goddess of the floral year,
Let thy sweet abode be here;

Let the queen of Love abide
Here, with Cupid at her side.

In the cool sequester'd shade,
By the viney foliage made;
Lover here might realize
Dreamy bliss from Beauty's eyes.

Bounteous Autumn here is crown'd,
With the mellow fruit around—
Chesnut and the hickory trees,
Rain the brown nuts with the breeze.

Tapestry of vines appear,
With their purple clusters near;
And the whisp'ring winds do shed
Leafy showers o'er my head.

Fading charms are now display'd,
By the hand of Nature made;
Here is something ever new,
Ever varied, ever true.

Changeful seasons pass away,
And I ever bless the day,
When o'er lovely scenes I roam,
All about my Mountain Home.

MUSINGS AT THE ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS,

Respectfully inscribed to the Proprietors, Sept. 1853.

This is the place where health and strength are found,
Embosom'd by high mounts and forest 'round ;
Out of whose sides the healthful waters flow—
And invalids their healing merits know.
Here wealth and beauty also promenade—
The man of pleasure walks the shady glade—
The dashing Belle and fashionable Beau,
Pleas'd with themselves, seem happy as they go.
Here age and childhood in this Cove are seen,
In pleasing groups, to occupy the green ;
And wealth and pride may well afford to stay—
“*A check will do,*”—no fears about the pay.
None but the poor, unhappy here are found ;
Short is their stay, soon homeward they are bound.
Unhappy wights, by penury oppress'd,
Make shortest stay where waters are the best ;
And by “*their pockets*” they are bound to know,
These precious waters they must soon forego :
And yet provision here for them is made,
“*If they come late,*” half price is only paid.
All this is fair—when next Parnassus sings
Of these life-waters, called the *Alum Springs*,
May he be there amid the varied throng,
Free of expense, who gave the world this song.

BEAUTY AND THE ROSES.

When morning blushes in the sky,
And early birds are singing,
And dew-drops on the roses lie,
To their sweet bosoms clinging—
And when those loving beams do gleam,
Where Beauty soft reposes,
The ray that wakes her happy dream,
Doth kiss the budding roses.

How oft my thoughts do soar away,
On Love's soft pinions flying;
And on her beauteous form they rest,
And leave my heart a sighing.
I love the Rose of ev'ry clime—
Bright queen of sweetest flow'rs;
The gayest in the morning prime,
That smiles in Beauty's bow'rs.

But dearer to my heart is she,
The beauty I admire—
Than any precious rose can be—
To her will I aspire.
I'd glory in so fair a prize—
Give worlds to win her favor,
And read my fate in those sweet eyes
The God of Nature gave her.

When smiling Phœbus walks the skies,
In all his glory beaming,
And evening deck'd in golden dyes,
Shows clouds with angels dreaming:
'Tis then I take thee to be one,
On their bright folds reclining,
In the soft radiance which the Sun
And clouds make in combining.

When the dark curtains of the night
Are spread for rest and sleeping,
I see thy form portray'd in light,
'Till morning rays are peeping:
And when the bright'ning floods of day,
Again the world discloses,
My heart doth still its homage pay
To Beauty and the Roses.

ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

“Whatever is, is often right”—

So Providence decrees;
And circumstances often bring
Wealth, misery or ease.

An old well-bucket caus'd a war—
No good was there to gain;
Two mighty States joined in the strife,
And thousands were the slain.

Small ideas, when improv'd upon,
Great objects oft present—
The world was blest with motive pow'r,
From steam in kettle pent.

The traitor Arnold fled away—
Less fortunate the spy;
A game of cards some good has done—
Hang'd Major Andre high.

'Twas accident and circumstance
Brought Catharine to a throne;
By chance great Peter saw and lov'd
This gentle maid alone.

The alchymist, unsought, has found
A quality sublime;
A med'cine, or a color bright,
That stands the test of time.

'Twas a shrill gander's clarion note,
Sav'd steeple, tower and dome,
And many thousand lives preserv'd,
Of citizens of Rome.

And Blendel, by mere accident,
The lion-hearted King,
Found in a dungeon's dark recess—
'Twas Richard heard him sing.

Whatever is, is often right—
The things we spurn or dread,
May prove a lasting benefit,
And blessings 'round us spread.

Blind Fortune never turns to see,
Into whose hands she throws
Her caskets and her jewels bright—
She spreads them as she goes.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMESTOWN.

(Written in 185-.)

By the river Powhatan,
Where the painted savage man
Rov'd three hundred years ago,
With his quiver and his bow—
On the right a verdant shore,
Was a Town, that is no more—
Need I mention old Jamestown,
Place of valor and renown?
There the settlers fought and bled,
By a noble Captain led.
Smith, the man who landed there,
And survey'd the country far—
Powhatan, a mighty king
Of Pamunkey, here did bring
Warriors from the woody glen,
To battle with the Englishmen.
Subtle, artful, in his ways,
Yet was he deserving praise;
For, when famine press'd them sore,
Sent them ven'son from his store,
Or the maize in baskets bore—
True in Friendship oft he'd be,
Deadly foe in war was he.
By his side upon the green,
Oft a lovely nymph was seen,

With her glossy, waving hair,
Timid step and bosom bare—
She no arts of dress display'd,
Modesty adorn'd the maid;
High was she in birth and fame,
Pocahontas was her name—
Daughter of great Powhatan;
She who sav'd a valiant man.

Here let faithful history tell,
How it on a time befell
Smith, in roving up the side
Of a stream with marshes wide,
Viewing, met a savage clan,
And a deadly fight began.
Him did they encompass 'round,
Many a red man bit the ground;
Many an archer drew the bow,
Smith was shielded by the foe.
Savage tied he to his arm,
Screening him from every harm,
'Till the marshy battle-field,
Caus'd the valiant knight to yield,
Chieftain led him prize of war,
Chieftain Opecankanaugh—
To his brother Powhatan,
Sent he this obdurate man.
Then the Chieftains held debate
In the pomp of savage state;
There, in wrath, it was decreed,
That the captive white should bleed.

Stern the orders from the throne ;
Bring the clubs and bring a stone ;
Place him to receive the blows—
Thus we treat our deadly foes.
Ready were the war clubs rais'd,
When the savage king amaz'd,
Saw his darling daughter rise—
Tears were streaming from her eyes—
Fervently she prayed : Forgive ;
Father, let the captive live !
Still unmov'd, the monarch frown'd,
Still no mercy there was found,
'Till the maiden placed her head
To be numbered with the dead.
Hold—give not the fatal blow ;
Mercy, for her sake, I show ;
Loose the bands, the crim'nal free,
Give him life and liberty—
Give him water from the spring,
And the savory ven'son bring ;
Bring the sacred pipe of peace,
And let war forever cease—
Give him land whereon to dwell ;
Daughter, thou behavest well.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS M. N. C.'S ALBUM.

I knew thee, Mary, when thy days
Were just in their beginning;
A child so lovely could but make
A girl so sweetly winning.

Now thou art in thy morning prime,
Life's tender bloom is on thee;
And all the witching pow'r of love
And beauty doth adorn thee.

Fair Eve herself was none of those
Wing'd messengers of love,
That from the shining clouds descend
With tidings from above.

But she was Woman's perfect mould,
A sweet design and new;
All animation warm with love,
A woman, pure and true.

And such art thou, my charming Miss;
A gladsome, playful creature,
With ev'ry youthful requisite,
And beauteous every feature.

May happiness attend thee still—
The loves and graces bless thee—
And keep thee in their charge, until
Some worthy youth possess thee!!

SPORTSMEN, SPARE THE SMALL BIRDS.

Life, in its varied forms, doth show
Almighty skill and art divine—
Each hath a part of usefulness,
Which nature doth to all assign.
How far above the grov'ling worm,
In nature's living scale displayed,
Is the proud eagle's sun-lit course,
Whose way through trackless air is made;

And smaller birds whose pinions play
Among the clouds, or skim the ground,
Speed in the way that suits them best,
And all are for some purpose found :
The owl, the night-hawk and the bat,
Will pray upon some living thing—
Will feast on lizard, mouse or rat,
And through the forest scream or sing.

The sparrow, blue-bird and the wren,
Each have a part to them assign'd :
The farmer knows how useful they,
And many others of their kind,
Who chase the insects through the air,
Or find them on the furrow'd ground,
And with their little beaks destroy
What roving travellers are found.

Why should the fowler deem it sport,
 (When larger birds he cannot find,)
To bring his murd'rous tube to bear
 On smaller birds of any kind ?
Pert little choristers should live
 To chirp and flutter life away,
In ev'ry grove or hedge or lane,
 Made vocal by their cheering lay.

Him that would this destruction deal,
 No sylvan music e'er can move ;
“ And song of earliest birds ” is lost
 On one that cannot feel or love—
For him the merry birds of Spring
 May chant their gleeful notes in vain—
“ He hath no music in his soul,”
 That would curtail one happy strain !

THE THRONE OF HEAVEN.

(Inferred from the Vision of St. John.)

And after this a portal of the skies
Ope'd, and disclosed the inner Paradise—
And the first voice a trumpet tone convey'd,
And spoke to me—with mighty voice it said—
“Come thou up hither—things I'll show to thee
“That come hereafter, and must shortly be.”—
Revealing spirit now to me was given—
I saw a throne set in the midst of Heav'n,
And on it sat one like a jasper stone,
And o'er the same an arching rainbow shone—
That like an emerald glow'd upon my sight,
Exalted high in empyrean light.
And round about were seats for elders made ;
There twenty-four their songs and honors paid ;
And they were cloth'd in raiment of pure white,
And crowns they wore of gold and pearls so bright,
From 'midst the throne fierce lightnings ever played,
And rumbling thunders awful echoes made—
There seven lamps with fiery radiance shone,
With lustrous blaze before the snow-white throne ;
And these pure lamps Jehovah's spirits be,
Whose center'd brightness glare eternally.
Before the throne was a vast glit'ring main,
Whose wave was crystal, without spot or stain—
Ethereal mirror—spread for Angel eyes—
Reflecting glory through the saph'rene skies.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE FRIEND.

Blest is the man that has a friend sincere,
Whose constancy in all his acts appear;
Whose generous heart suspicion ne'er can sway,
Nor envious spleen drive confidence away.
When fortune smiles, he's proud of your success—
And when she frowns, his friendship's none the less:
In weal, in want, or wealth, or high degree—
In all conditions, firm and true is he.
What though some faults by erring nature made,
Be source of pain—to the right cause they're laid:
No wretch is he, concentrat'd all in self,
Who knows you not when you've no power or pelf.
Always the same, consistent, without pride—
At all times you may safely him confide;
Nor time, nor space, nor interest, nor degree,
Move the strong ties that bind him firm to thee.

But there are some, like Judas, in disguise,
Who'd have you think they did your virtues prize:
Whilst they, in truth, were of chameleon hue,
And all your actions with distortion view.
Severe on others—yet not over nice,
When *self's concerned*, finds not a touch of vice—
Polite, yet distant—courteous, yet austere—
Just keep aloof, and you have naught to fear.
One friend he lowers, others to uphold,
And doubtful persons are by him extoll'd—

Not that his judgment in the least has fail'd,
But that *self-interest*. o'er him has prevail'd.
Unsafe and cold, distrustful in his ways,
Slow to commend, and envious of praise—
Whose love for self can take no partner in,
And mammon still is urging him to sin—
Whose grasping avarice clutches all it can—
“Who would not sigh, if ‘*Blackstone*’ were the man.”

NOTE.—The above is a fancy picture, and not intended for any living individual.

LINES,

To a young Belle from Town, who misapprehended the author's arrival at L*****, for that of a young gentleman from the country.

Brief were the labors at the toilette paid,
And skillful art kept to adorn the maid—
The flowing midnight of rich glossy hair
Hung 'round a neck, like alabaster fair—
The comb, the brush, the wash, and all were 'plied,
To heighten graces, and not faults to hide—
The rouge, pomatum, powders, soaps, and more,
Were used to heighten what was nice before.
The lilies' bloom seem'd yet more fresh and new,
And blushing roses shone with brighter hue—

The snowy muslin and the tasteful fold,
The sparkling necklace and the cross of gold,
Were soon adjusted—and all things complete,
And *a la mode* the finest gent to meet.
Haste, if not hurry, did the work attend,
And all was ready to receive the “*friend*”—
When, lo! vexatious, unpropitious 'hap,
Who should it be, but *quite another chap*!

THE OPENING OF THE SEALS.

(Inferred from the Vision of St. John.)

I saw the Lamb approach, and take the book,
Into whose pages none save him might look—
Nor saint, nor elder, none the Seals could break—
Nor mighty seraph could the volume take.
From the right hand of Him that fill'd the throne,
Not one was worthy save the Lamb alone.
I look'd and saw the first Seal torn asunder,
And then a voice as of the sound of thunder,
Came from a beast, the one of four that be
About the throne, which said, now come and see.
Then I beheld, and lo! a horse all white;
And on him sat one crown'd with radiance bright—
A bow he held firm in his steady hand,
And he went conquering o'er the sea and land.

I saw the Lamb the second Seal divide,
And peace on earth no longer could abide.
The second beast now bid me come and see,
And I approach'd to know what was to be—
Forth come a horse terrific, of blood-red—
And men were butcher'd—tramp'd he o'er the dead;
And he that rode, and sat to guide the rein,
Wav'd his bright sword and triumph'd o'er the slain.

Full soon the third great Seal was broken through,
And the third beast bid me approach and view;
And lo! a horse soon there in black did stand,
Whose rider pois'd a balance in his hand;
A voice then from amid the beasts did say,
Wheat for a penny a full measure pay,
And for a penny give out measures three
Of barley corn—and also careful be
To shield from harm the clustering tender vine—
Hurt not the oil and injure not the wine.

And now the fourth dread Seal was ope'd to me:
The fourth beast cried, behold! now come and see;
I looked and saw a horse all over pale—
Death sat thereon, and Hell was in his trail,
And they had pow'r one-fourth of earth to smite,
With sword and death and hunger they should fight.

Then He the fifth Seal open'd to my view,
And I beheld the souls of those who true
And steadfast to the eternal word remain,
And for their truthful evidence were slain;

And they cried out, thou just and holy One,
How long ere thou avenge our blood upon
Those murd'rous sinners, who on earth do dwell,
Whose dread transgressions lead them down to hell?
And then white robes to ev'ry one were giv'n—
And it was said, rest ye, my saints in heaven,
Yet for a season, till thy brethren kill'd,
Shall all appear, and all shall be fulfill'd.

And then the sixth great Seal I saw him break,
And lo! the earth did with convulsions quake—
And the clear Sun, that shone so pure and bright,
Was chang'd to black, and merg'd in awful night,
And the fair moon, as blood, rolled in the skies;
Thick fell the stars, that never more should rise;
The heav'n parted and became a blank,
The mountains fled, and the great islands sank.
All out of place, in dread disorder hurl'd,
Destruction swept in ruin o'er the world;
The kings of earth, the rich and mighty men,
Sought holes and rocks, and fled to lair and den;
Free men and slaves in this dread day were caught,
And in their terror hopeless shelter sought—
Begg'd rocks and mountains to make secret place,
And fall on them, and hide them from the face
Of Him whose presence frights the heavens away,
And the fierce Lamb that rules the final day—
For now the end of all things is at hand,
Who shall be able this great day to stand?

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

Oh ! thou hast music in thy soul,
Yet music cannot reach thee ;
Thou dreamest not of melting tone,
And these we cannot teach thee.
No gush of rich symphonious sound,
Can wake thy joy or sadness ;
All is a calm, devoid of sound,
No voice to tell of gladness.

And yet, young creature, thou art blest
With soul sincere and true ;
And joy and love are in thy ways,
Thou lov'st the bright and new.
Thou lov'st the lilies' spotless bloom,
The rose's fragrant splendor,
The gentle Spring doth bring to thee
Her flow'rs young and tender.

The Summer with her glowing sun,
Her nectar'd product yields,
The harvest is before thine eyes,
And bless'd the farmer's fields.
The Autumn too hath charms for thee,
The sear and yellow leaf,
Doth show the ceaseless round of time,
Who passeth like a thief.

The seasons with their changes bring
Delights forever new,
And frosty Winter's frozen pearls
Are pleasing to thy view;
And when the sparkling fields do gleam,
In their white robes array'd,
Thou can'st enjoy the frigid scene
That nature has display'd.

But yet no bloom of early Spring,
Or Summer's pleasant day,
Or Autumn in her russet brown,
Or Winter cold and gray,
Can recompense the loss of sound—
No verbal tongue is thine;
Nor words of love or tenderness,
With thy sweet smiles combine.

Yet thou hast thine own eloquence,
Express'd by sign or look;
Intelligence is in thy reach,
In Nature's open Book.
And well hast thou its pages scan'd,
Though speech is not for thee;
“*Yet thought is thine*”—its ample scope
May pierce eternity.

OLD JOHNSON ROWE.

Well I remember years ago,
There liv'd a man named JOHNSON ROWE—
This man would draw two hundred weight,
Of stalwart form, with a bald pate;
His bulky frame was broad and square,
To quarrel with him no one would dare;
In youthful days, we lov'd to go
To see our friend, old JOHNSON ROWE.

He was a merry laughing soul,
And dearly did he love his bowl;
His cider he would not deny,
And stronger drink would often try,
'Till he would get out of the way,
And laugh and joke the live long day;
No man to him could be a foe,
The boys and girls lik'd JOHNSON ROWE.

He often would get up a dance,
And then the youngsters all would prance;
Old DAVID WRIGHT, with violin,
Would play for hours for the "*tin*;"
And then "JOAN" WATSON, she would sing,
And "BILL" would cut the "*pigeon wing*;"
Oh! how my thoughts delight to go
Back to the times of JOHNSON ROWE.

Old Johnson soon in debt did run,
But well he could evade a dun,
And put him off in a sly way,
For debts he never car'd to pay.
In spite of duns and poverty,
No man was ever blest as he;
His spirits would forever flow—
A jolly wight was JOHNSON ROWE.

At length he chose to leave the State,
And *'twixt two lights* did emigrate
Far to the West in Tennessee;
But where his domicil may be,
Among the living or the dead,
No light has ever yet been shed—
No mortal here could ever know,
What did become of JOHNSON ROWE.

WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

'Tis Winter, and the setting sun
Hangs like a burnish'd shield,
And the faint shadows of the trees,
Rest on the snowy field.
Although the raving winds may roam,
And fly the drifted snow,
We feel that we are safe at home,
Though sleety storms may blow.

The cheerful hearth is still our own,
And fire of oaken wood
Is blazing and dispensing heat,
And friends are kind and good.
What if the setting sun has laid
His head in bank of snow,
There's fuel in the wood-house still—
No fears of want we know.

The ox is in his stall content,
And well supplied with hay—
This is a resting place for him,
At close of Winter's day.
The horse is in his stall secure,
The milch-cows in the shed,
And ev'ry little rooting pig
Has huddl'd into bed.

No little lambkins yet are seen
 Upon the frosty glade ;
The bell-dam and her fleecy tribe,
 Of cold are not afraid.
The snow-birds hopping in the weeds,
 Leave tracks upon the snow—
The red-bird in the leafless tree,
 Soon to his rest will go.

The old "*Shanghai*" is on his roost,
 He could not get up high,
And we shall hear his clarion note,
 E'er morning decks the sky,
Rivanna's rapid stream is heard—
 The roar of water fall
Is passing with the chilly breeze,
 Through field and forest tall.

The Railroad cars are flying on—
 The frozen earth is shaken ;
It is an evening burthen train,
 That such a roar is making :
But soon upon the evening winds,
 Its echo's die away,
And moon and stars look cold and bright,
 At close of Winter's day.

No dread of frosty winds within
 Our cheerful domicile ;

Around the frugal board we sit,
And help just when we will.
How many happy faces smile,
Of different age and size;
But, Oh ! some seats are vacant still—
Their home's above the skies.

Oh ! may we ever grateful be,
As life doth pass away ;
Rememb'ring we are only here,
Brief as a Winter's day.
How blest the farmer's life may be,
Who well his time doth spend :
The peaceful fireside is his,
And his the "*Farmer's Friend*."*

* A periodical in which this piece first appeared.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

From flinty rocks thy diamond waters flow,
Thy source lies hidden in the depths below—
From the cool chambers of the mountain base,
For evermore has been thy flowing race ;
From hidden basins gushing to the light,
Thy foamy waters ever pure and bright,
Descending, spread their life-dispensing wave,
Thro' meadows green, thy pebbly banks to lave :
And lowing herds browse on thy vale below,
And sip thy waters as they dancing go.
Hard by the way where weary foot-steps tread,
Thy murm'ring torrent tiny lakes have spread ;
Where mossy rocks enclose thee all about,
And mountain flow'rs flourish near thy spout—
Flow on pure rill— in thy cold bed display
Reviving freshness to the sultry day ;
And from thy bosom life and gladness give,
Inviting all to freely “drink and live.”

LINES IN MEMORY OF MISS B. M. S.

(WHO DIED JULY 3D, 1854.)

“Why is it that the rainbow and the golden clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why, O, why is it that bright and loved forms of beauty and worth are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in alpine torrents upon our hearts?”

In tender years she sought the blessed truth
Of pure religion—happy in her youth,
To know that she celestial climes should win,
Victorious o’er the pow’rs of death and sin.
Mourn not, dear parents, for a child in bliss!
The world above’s a blest exchange for this,
And kindred dear should ever bear in mind—
These blessed words she left to friends behind:
“Dear father, mother, friends, I’m going home!
A smiling Saviour bids me quickly come,
Where death is not, and sorrow toil and pain
Can ne’er disturb—where sainted spirits reign!
Oh! we shall meet—shall meet in joy above,
Where friends rejoin, and there is perfect love!
Dear, happy girl! rest till that morning rise,
When friends meet friends above the flaming skies,

And earth shall vanish, and the just shall fly
Triumphant onward through the opening sky;
In shining robes of heavenly raiment drest,
(The cong'ring costumes of the sav'd and blest!)
Then we shall see thee, know thee, love thee still—
If faithful we our duties here fulfill.
'Till then, adieu! thy memory fresh shall bloom,
The velvet grass shall decorate thy tomb!
There we shall oft in sadness turn to view,
And drop a tear o'er what remains of you!

ELEGY ON A PET HORSE.

Old Tom is dead! may we not grieve,
For one so true—would you believe
That he, for thirty-five long years,
Had lived within this vale of tears?
And though he tears may not have shed,
We grieve to think old Tom is dead!
Old Tom was faithful, good and true—
Excell'd was he by very few—
For he could canter, pace and trot,
And do what other nags do not:
That is, he wore no shoes behind,
But snuff'd a blacksmith in the wind.
No son of VULCAN e'er could shoe him,
Unless, indeed, he tied and threw him;

Which feat was once achiev'd by "MOORE,"
But never after, or before.

A leather apron he eschew'd,
And blacksmiths with distrust he view'd;
But he was docile, kind and free,
As any other horse could be.

His movements well would shew his spirit,
And well he proved his real merit.

His latter days were well fulfill'd,
The trip he made, or ground he till'd.

He was a fav'rite on the farm—

To child, or chick, ne'er offer'd harm;
The little folks could go so near him,
And yet, there was no cause to fear him.

Much sooner would he them protect—

The young and old did him respect;

In latter times, he oft was found,

In hearing of the gospel sound.

Took good old mother near her pew,

(What gratitude to thee was due;)

Then pac'd along beside of "Sally,"

Return'd her safe to "Pleasant Valley."

Old Tom, his master often bore,

O'er field and road in days of yore;

Companion of each merry bout,

And what he heard, he ne'er let out.

Would tell no tales of what he knew,

But was a confidant most true.

How well he did shew off his pride,

When by "Belinda's" horse's side—

Or riding out with "Ann" or "Bell,"
Would bow his neck, and move so well;
Although, some am'rous tales he heard,
He canter'd on, and never cared.
And when in martial troop arrayed,
Ne'er dodged at flashing of a blade;
Or pistol banging, close and near,
E'en started him with coward fear;
But prancing at the bugle blast,
Would wheel in rank and column fast.
Those days have long since fled away,
And now old Tom has turned to clay.
No atom of this world is lost;
The Summer's heat, and Winter's frost,
And the distilling rains and dews,
Prepare all things for Nature's use.
And so old Tom is useful still,
His virtues dwell in list or hill;
His spirit's in the growing maize,
The grass is beautiful to graze,
And wheat and rye point out the place,
Where faithful Tom did end his race.
Good Tom! thou art demis'd and dead,
No use that precious tears be shed,
For thou shalt rise again, in truth;
The maize and wheat shall shew thy youth;
Immortalized in Poet's numbers,
Tom is not dead, but only slumbers.

THE BURNING WOODS.

See the smoky billows rise,
Flames are leaping to the skies,
Careless hand hath let them out;
Desolation's in their route!
Wind and crackling timbers roar,
Bird and beast flee on before;
The parched earth doth seem to blaze,
Destruction's in the woody maze!
The sear and crisped leaflet flies,
Whirling, blazing to the skies—
The aged pines shrink in the blast,
As swift the fiery deluge pass'd;
That morning saw their green heads high—
Now we shall find them brown and dry.
On the flaming hills do meet,
Whirling winds and fiery sheet;
In the valley's deep recess,
Burning wave is none the less;
Beauteous flowers, wild and gay,
Fell before the blast that day.
The oaken monarch of the wood,
Trembling in the tempest stood;
Char'd his bark, and singed his root,
Dead is every acorn shoot.
Amid the din and tumult round,
Booming cannon seemed to sound—

It was the dead and falling tree,
The burning woods' artillery.
Sable carpet now is spread,
In the place of leafy bed;
Smoking faggots left behind,
Drifting ashes load the wind;
Rolling smoke envelops all,
Dwarfy bush and sapling tall.
In the fiery scope, the fields,
Border, and enclosure yields;
And the char'd and smoking rail,
Shew the crops without a pale.
Fruitless every effort fail'd,
And the bravest were assail'd;
Naught could check the burning tide,
Sweeping 'round on ev'ry side;
Men of every hue and age,
Strove the element to 'suage;
But all efforts were in vain—
Free the "fire king" did reign.

NIGHT SCENE.

The blasted pine, with knots high in the air,
Bore gorgeous lamps, hung out in brightness there;
A thousand lights glar'd o'er the forest wide,
Night fled away, and darkness could not bide.
Like some great City, set with starry eyes,
The glowing forest lit the red'ning skies;
No need of moon, or sparkling stars to shine,
Such things are glowing on the stricken pine.

Fed by the breezes of the midnight hour,
The nightly gales increase their daz'ling power.
Beauteous and bright, their shining vigils keep,
'Till mighty Phoebus 'wakes the world from sleep.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

I love the happy past to scan,
From childhood's early day,
When to my eyes, all nature wore
Her charms so new and gay.
O, there is pleasure in the past,
Far in the distance seen;
When roving boyhood's busy feet
Flew o'er the velvet green.

When the cool shade and sunny skies,
Spread out in visions fair,
And beauteous flow'rs deck'd the path,
All bright and fragrant there.
I love the everlasting hills
And valleys of deep green,
Where lovely nature still displays
Her bright and smiling sheen.

There, 'neath the quiet shady bank,
Beside the rippling wave,

Where oft in childhood's happy hour,
Sweet task it was to lave.
There Carroll's Creek doth gently flow,
To meet Rivanna's tide ;
Meandering in its quiet course,
Its sparkling waters glide.

Not so when mountain torrents roar,
By heavy rains supplied,
The little rivulet expands,
And sweeps the valley wide.
In the red current borne along,
Enclosures float away—
What mischief little streams can do
At close of rainy day.

'Twas sport to angle for the Carp,
The Silver Perch, or Cat,
And mark the wily movements of
The depredating Rat ;
Who swims upon the quiet wave,
Until he takes alarm—
Then diving, leaves a wat'ry ring,
To save himself from harm.

How beautiful, from "School-house grove,"
Is Pleasant Valley seen ;
Here are the sloping hills array'd,
And there the meadows green.

There are the cultivated fields—
The orchard is in view—
And yonder the Machinist Shop—
The building is not new.

The water-wheel is still erect,
But all the wheels are still;
And silence reigns forever more
In that deserted mill.
No more the carving gouge is plied
To shape the whirling wood;
Nor do we hear the buzzing saw,
That in the corner stood.

The master workman is not there—
The gentle muses sought him;
Lur'd by their tempting smiles away,
Till penury had caught him.
What though apprenticeship he serv'd,
In secret to the muses—
The world will listen to his song,
Or not—just as it chooses.

How pleasant are the airy farms,
On the red plains inclin'd;
We view them from this favor'd point,
With mountains close behind.
I love to view the flying cars,
As they by Keswick go,
In smoke and thunder, on their way,
To pierce the Ohio.

I love the pure unclouded sky,
That gleams o'er Pleasant Valley,
And shady arcade of the grove,
That form'd the marble alley :
To which the smaller boys would hie,
In heat of Summer day,
And skip around the marble ring,
Intent on childish play.

There was the school-house on the knob,
A quiet, humble site,
Where tribes of little boys and girls
First learned to read and write.
The sylvan woods were close at hand,
And in an Autumn day,
The little Misses would resort,
To dance recess away.

Or culling rich and tinted leaves,
Swept by the winds away,
Would chaplets weave for their young brows,
Of dappled ribbons gay.
The yellow leaf of sassafras,
And gum of crimson red,
Would furnish aprons gay and bright,
And crowns to deck their head.

Sweet little creatures! all of them,
O'er the wide world are spread—
Some to the South and West have gone,
And some are with the dead!

And some are here in wealth and ease,
Who were so young and fair—
Time's indentations on their brow,
And frost upon their hair.

And some are poor and needy still,
Forgotten and unblest—
The wearied soul shall in the end,
Attain a peaceful rest!
My native Valley ! still I cling,
To lov'd and happy home ;
Though time some strange effects has wrought,
From thee I may not roam.

And when the wear and tear of life
No longer I can bear,
I hope to rest on yonder hill—
Dear friends are sleeping there !
Though fortune smiles, or choose to frown,
With an uncertain change,
Give me my breezy hills to tread—
My dewy vale to range.

LINES COMPOSED ON A FLAG STONE.

(By request of a lady.)

Thou art a fragment torn from slaty hill,
Thy resting place beside the door sill;
The foot of beauty oft has pressed thy side,
And many a clown has pass'd with awkward stride;
And many a gent has boldly pass'd thee o'er,
And safely landed at the parlor floor.
From soil and slop thou sav'st boot and shoe,
And ladies' slippers from the morning dew.
What envious pressure on thy polish'd face,
When ladies' footsteps doth thy presence grace!
Almost sensation doth thy nature own,
And impudence characterize the stone!
The hand of art has shap'd thee right, we find;
In icy times, however, we must mind,
Or else a trick thy level face might show,
In spite of heel-tap or elastic toe.

P O W E R O F T H E D E I T Y .

From everlasting thou art He,
Who spread the universe abroad—
Upheaving mountains—the broad sea,
The simple product of thy word.
Thou said'st, and it was quickly done—
Leap'd out of chaos realms of light,
Uplifted worlds in space career'd,
And Day sprang from the womb of Night.

Almighty Being! Thy bright throne,
Exalted, lights the universe;
Time, motion, and eternity,
But faintly thy great pow'r rehearse.
We, on the verge of earthly wheel,
Unerring the vast circuit ply;
A mass of matter, this huge earth,
Form'd through unbounded space to fly.

Constrain'd by laws unchangeable,
In perfect harmony to chime
With all the great constituent parts,
To make undeviating time.
Suns, systems, worlds unseen, unknown,
Beyond the reach of angel eyes,
Are but thy footstool, and thy might,
Upholds the seas and lofty skies.

What faultless millions throng those climes,
 Prepar'd by thy Omnipotent hand;
 For thine own glory dazzling suns,
 Were made to pierce the Heav'nly land—
 And those same suns are gems of light,
 Hung from the draping of thy throne,
 That on the topmost realms of bliss,
 Have ever in their splendor shone.

LEADERS AND PLEADERS;

OR,

*Pencil Sketches of the ***** Bar.*

Be thou indulgent, courteous, kind and true,
 As thou would'st wish all men should be to you!
 O, that this rule, the golden rule of life,
 Were well observ'd, no cause were left for strife—
 No courts, no lawyers, and no knotty cases—
 No jail, no court-house, and no dungeon places;
 All friendship, love, fidelity and truth,
 When virtue sway'd the aged and the youth;
 The world an Eden as before the fall,
 E'er sin prevail'd, and death the doom of all.

The sov'reign State organic laws proclaim'd,
 Late regulations for her Courts she fram'd,

And special duties to each bench assign'd,
(The wisdom of her counsellors combin'd.)
Here Justice rules, "*the elect*" here are seated—
The strong arm'd law was to delinquents meted;
And on their right recording pensmen sat:
The bailiff's box still to the right of that;
And all before, in a half circle bent,
The "*Bar*" was seated, or perhaps they "*leant*"—
Some with a leg above their centre line,
Did at their ease most gracefully incline;
Some sat erect, 'mid Blackstone, Coke and Leigh,
"*Some taking notes,*" or summing up a fee.

Here is a group, a varied class unsung—
Some drive the pen, some better use the tongue;
"*One*" with the muses dallies at his pleasure,
Turns happy thoughts into harmonious measure.
The injur'd man no better counsel knows,
Shews all the points, and clears up as he goes.
Of business men, and lawyers of high grade,
No envious difference in my sketch is made;
For there are some quite equal to the best,
And yet a few inferior to the rest—
Some thrifty scions from a stock that's tried,
Some young in fame are rising by their side.

First in the circle, tall, erect he stood,
The first of lawyers—an attorney good;
Time had begun to touch his head with white,
Yet for his years, 'twas surely very slight;

Intrepid, bold—to him do men confide,
The cases that in higher Courts are tried—
His golden "*specks*" enabled him to see
The near and distant, as the case might be ;
And when he spoke, his eloquence refin'd,
Shew'd off the working of a master mind.

Who next in law and equity display'd,
No second rate, but first in every grade ;
He, too, in "*specks*" saw clearly through his cases,
And shew'd up law in its uncertain mazes.
A finish'd model of a perfect man,
Now let my pencil do the best it can :
Graceful and easy, out or in the bar—
The first of lawyers, and a statesman rare.

Who next doth come, among the first shall stand,
The very first, in this attorney band ;
A chieftain bold, to face the Union's foes,
May *health and strength* go with him where he goes ;
Admiring crowds his burning words receive,
Uprooted platforms to his foes doth leave.
In wit and pow'r, and eloquence most rare,
Few living men can with our friend compare ;
Whose satire keen, two edged cuts its way,
A statesman true of this enlighten'd day.

Himself a host, who now we bring to view,
The Commonwealth ne'er had a friend more true,
Though spare in form, yet tow'ring in his mind,
His manners bland, a heart both good and kind ;

Stern to offenders, firm in law and right,
Some half a dozen at a time he'd fight;
Triangle combats, or a single hand,
With mighty arm, before him may not stand;
With searching pow'r, deep into plots he dives,
And in his hands are fortunes, fame and lives.

LOVE'S DOMAIN.

No mortal bliss so sweet as Love
Pervades the earth or rules above;
When fix'd and center'd ne'er grows dim—
Controls the glorious seraphim;
Burns in the sun that decks the sky—
Sways earthly thrones and sovereigns high.
The sweet notes of the birdling song,
To Love's triumphant pow'r belong,
It sparkles in the glow-worm's path—
Disarms the wily serpent's wrath—
Tames the fierce tiger in his den,
And sways austere and rugged men;
And the fair maiden's blush may tell,
She, too, cannot escape the spell!
Spreads o'er all Nature's wide domain,
Supreme on earth its potent reign;
And, in the courts of Heav'n above,
Almighty is the pow'r of Love.

ACROSTIC—WRITTEN IN 1839.

May the Muses lend their aid—
I invoke the “tuneful nine;”
Sweetly let me sing the maid—
Softly let my strains combine.

Much thy virtues I esteem,
And thy sprightliness commend;
Rich in love and tenderness—
You shall never want a friend.

Sweetly smiles the early morn,
Pleasant is the vernal Spring,
And the world has many a flow’r—
Rose and pink are blossoming;
Known to all, I’d have it be,
Such bright things compare with thee.

LINES WRITTEN ON A CHURCH DOOR.

Here is a Church deserted by the pastor,
Who fails in work due to his Lord and Master—
Because, forsooth, some brethren disagree
In faith and hope, he loses charity.
Should he not preach though Satan here be found,
Rehearsing Scripture on this holy ground?

THE AMOROUS VINE.

O ! were I like yon loving vine,
To cling about thy neck,
In rapt and fainting ecstasy,
I would sweet kisses take.

Around thy fair and beauteous form,
My arms of love I'd twine ;
What blissful moments I would spend,
And lead a life divine.

O ! I would hold thee ever thus,
And dream my life away ;
And wait till Time's uplifted scythe
Should bring the fatal day.

And when in Death's cold with'ring hour,
No longer I could press thee,
I'd call the Loves and Graces then,
To guard, protect, and bless thee.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Unfading, lonely, undecay'd,
 Remain these silken tresses bare,
That from the forehead of the maid,
 Flow'd copious round her temples fair.
When Death's pale whiteness on her cheek,
 Did triumph o'er the roses there,
Some friendly hand this gift did seek,
 And clipp'd away this lock of hair.

Dear, sacred memento of her,
 The lov'd, the lovely, and the pure—
We freely shed the silent tear,
 For her we here shall see no more.
This precious relic still is left,
 Sad, lonely evidence, to shew
That she had been—and Death bereft
 Us of her presence long ago.

Time may not dim its auburn glow,
 As onward he doth pass away ;
Or touch it with his bleaching snow,
 Or ever change its hue to gray ;
A part of her lov'd self is here—
 Long years may not obliterate
The lustre of this fragment dear—
 The symbol of her early fate.

L I N E S

Written on the death of ROBERT WOODWARD, in 1851, infant son of John and Marietta Letellier, of Charlottesville, aged four months, after an illness of a few days.

And thou art gone, dear innocent,
From sorrow, pain and sin;
The gates of bliss did open wide,
To let thy spirit in.

We saw thee when a smiling babe,
In thy soft cradled bed;
Life's tender bloom was on thy cheek—
Celestial roses red.

We saw thee e'er the spoiler came—
A fair and pleasant child;
We heard the patter of thy feet,
And lisping accents mild.

We saw thee when thy cheeks were pale,
Sad harbinger of death—
A mother's love and tenderness,
Pray'd for thy dying breath.

Dear little child, didst scarcely know
Thy parent's tender love,
E'er thou wert call'd from earthly woe,
To brighter scenes above.

How few and sad were thy young days;
Thy life a mournful tale—
But thou art gone where death's no more,
Where sin cannot assail.

The trials of this mortal life
Were all unknown to thee;
Earth cannot claim, so brief thy stay,
Thy blest nativity.

'Twas hard to give up one so dear,
Though heaven was the gain;
Its friends did wish it with them here
Yet longer to remain.

But, O, the Almighty's will was done—
They will not dare complain—
He saw, and said : Come up to bliss,
Sweet innocent, and reign.

THE MONARCH PINE.

Of all the grand forms that are spread to the sky,
There's none so commanding, elastic and high,
As the evergreen pine, with his cone top display'd,
When he rocks in the breeze and bows with his shade;
His roots in the earth and his head in the air,
The dew drops he shakes from his long shaggy hair—
His trunk tall and stately, majestic and grand,
Conspicuous and tow'ring, the pride of the land.
The Winter's cold blasts and the gales of the Spring,
Around his tall form may roar, or may sing,
And the tempest that sweeps o'er the land and the sea,
Will only incline the proud head of the tree,
That doth in its strength and prime slowly rise,
'Till the forest be proud of his glory and size.
And when rolling years shall have brought on decay,
And his wood so elastic shall crumble away,
Old Time with his scythe may then reap him to earth,
And the Patriarch falls on the land of his birth.
In vain Gabriel's trump in the tempest shall sound,
Our monarch's tall stature shall rest on the ground;
And as he doth fall he forever shall lie,
But his children shall rise up and point to the sky.

MILLIE BELL.

Sweet is the rose of early morn,
When dewy gems its cup adorn—
Sweet is the blush of opening day,
As fades retiring night away;
Sweet are the fragrant gales that fly,
And through the blooming orchard sigh;
Yet sweeter, my own soul can tell,
Is to my heart dear Millie Bell.

The flower, that on her bosom lies,
In fainting beauty soonest dies,
And those that smile amid her hair
Shall briefly bloom and perish there—
O, were I like that floweret blest,
And doomed to fade upon her breast,
My dying sighs would fail to tell
How much I loved my Millie Bell.

Or, in the midnight of her hair,
Were I a budding floweret there,
I'd pass like that gay thing away,
And glory in so blest a day—
I would but triumph for an hour,
And die the death of that sweet flower—
My dying sighs would sweetly tell
How much I loved my Millie Bell.

Were I the prince of fairy isles,
And blest with thy endearing smiles,
The beauties that in kingdoms dwell
Could never rival Millie Bell.
Nor could my love be turned away,
For aught the world could do or say;
Thy image in my heart shall dwell
Forevermore, sweet Millie Bell.

L I N E S

On hearing an Old Reformed Reprobate chanting the Songs
of Zion.

Press on, old friend, 'tis better late than never,
Put in your claim for better world forever;
You are in time—old things have passed away,
And a new life opes to the spreading day.
Bright is the path that still remains untrod—
Walk fearless forth whilst yet above the sod;
With hopeful heart press forward to the prize
Of endless life, that in the future lies;
And let thy songs in praise to Heaven be sent;
Let all men know, though late, man can repent—
Choose endless life—the straight and narrow gate;
Life's lamp is burning, and 'tis not too late.

SATIRE ON A RICKETY TOLL BRIDGE.

“God made the Country, and man made the Town”—
So spake a Poet of no small renown;
He made the rivers, with unceasing tide,
That do some places from the town divide;
But man’s invention did a bridge create,
And the first bridges are of ancient date.
King Xerxes, who, (old history tells the tale,)
Did bridge the sea, and his first bridge did fail;
The winds and waves, unruly, done the work,
And into fragments his first Bridge did jerk.
Then made he one of double boats conjoin’d,
Then thrash’d the sea for being so unkind.
Now, into Greece, his myriads pour’d in fast,
And since that time two thousand years have past—
And more than that—but this I deem will shew,
That bridges were in vogue long time ago.
But there are some of a more modern caste,
Frail fabrics some, and some were made to last.
The Bridge that now requires our attention,
The public knows, ’tis useless here to mention.
No hostile armies o’er its planks e’er stept,
With martial tramp, since Black-Hawk’s vengeance slept.*
Here are its pillars, that do *trembling* stand,
And many a pilgrim, *trembling*, bears to land.
Time’s mildew rests upon its frame, I ween,
And many a hoof has slipp’d the planks between—

* In allusion to troops returning from the Black Hawk war.

And man and beast, in peril go that way,
Through dangers, seen and unseen, to this day;
But thanks to goodness yet, we're sav'd from dips,
Although we're *cas'd* from all our "*extra fips*."

I LOVE THE WORLD.

A response to the beautiful lines "Love not the World," by

CHARLES KING.

I love the world that God has made,
Though all things fair and bright must fade,
And "blust'ring winds" to blow are made:—
I love the world.

I love the "lily, pure and white,"
"Reflecting Beauty's choicest light;"
Though it be wither'd e'r 'tis night!
I love the world-

For that same lily spring renews,
Its cup shall drink the morning dews;
And loving eyes its charms peruse:—
I love the world.

I love the gentle gale that blows,
So softly o'er the budding rose—
Inhaling fragrance as it goes:
I love the world.

I love the morning's early dawn,
With beauty gilding hill and lawn—
Though with the rising day 'tis gone:
I love the world.

I love the bright unclouded day—
High noon, and evening's slanting ray—
The golden eve, and twilight gray:
I love the world.

I love the blessed stars on high,
As night shuts in upon the sky;
And the sweet winds forget to sigh—
I love the world.

I love the calm and peaceful night—
What God has made, is made aright;
The morning wakes, refresh'd and bright:
I love the world.

I love the moon with silver light,
Fair Luna, goddess of the night—
Decreasing or expanding light:
I love the world.

I love the glorious orb of day,
Though temp'rate or intense his ray;
Dispensing life and light away:
I love the world.

I love this fair and pleasant earth !
The mother's first-born laughs in mirth ;
The father's hope is in the birth :
I love the world.

There's naught more lovely 'neath the sun,
Than "two young hearts entwined in one ;"
'Till their blest race on earth is run :
I love the world.

I love the world, tho' shame and sin
Brought death and woe and sorrow in ;
The blest shall a new song begin :
I love the world.

I love the world, 'twas made for man—
Although his life is but a span—
Almighty wisdom laid the plan :
I love the world.

DEDICATION—FOR MISS FANNIE'S ALBUM.

In this pretty book we write,
Whate'er friendship may incite ;
Or affection, ever true,
In these pages bring to view.

Happy thoughts in verse may shine,
Beautiful in every line ;
And the free unnumber'd prose,
Virtuous sentiments disclose.

Critics need not here approach—
We no learned subjects broach ;
Friendship is the theme most dear—
Friendship's offerings are here.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

I lately turned me from my path,
To mark the solemn change,
That time had made in thirty years,
Where once I lov'd to range.

The old school house had disappear'd,
No longer it was seen ;
And not a log there then remain'd,
To shew where it had been.

Some remnants of the hearth-stone lay,
(The only mark to show,)
Where Webster's Speller was rehears'd,
In days long, long ago.

Where Murray's Grammar was the book,
So hard to memorize ;
And where the teacher watched us close,
With his gray roving eyes.

His head is frosted o'er with time—
(Peace to his riper age,)
Who many a youthful mind has train'd—
Experience made him sage.

The shady oaks are thereabout,
And the crab-apple tree
Is standing yet, in that old field,
Just where it used to be.

The gurgling fountain still is there,
Its waters bright and pure ;
And sparkling jets the basin fills,
Just as in days of yore.

No change that mossy rock has known,
That lays beside the pool,
Where oft with playmates I have sat,
To drink the waters cool.

Those playful boys are seen no more,
Upon the woody lawn ;
For they have long since disappear'd—
Have grown up and are gone.

Some to the distant West have sought
Dame Fortune's fickle way ;
Whilst others to the spirit land,
Long since have pass'd away.

That smiling little girl is gone
To brighter climes above ;
Well I remember how she looked—
First idol of my love !

No more her seraph voice is heard,
With accents sweet and mild—
A grassy turf obscuring hides
That fair and lovely child!

And there are others, here and there—
Time journeys onward fast;
All going down the hill of life—
Young happy days are past.

Yet, should we not in sadness muse,
For this short life repine;
The time is coming when the just,
In better worlds will shine.

ANDERSON'S SUMMIT.

Stand ye on the breezy summit,
That o'erlooks Rivanna's valley,
Where the elk, in days of olden,
And the buffalo did travel;
Following each other's footsteps,
E'er they were by red men 'frighted,
Or by the white hunter scatter'd.
Pioneers of roads were they,
Choosing routes of easy access,
Through the soil red and puffy,
Where the rock and gravel flinty,
Hinder'd not progressive travel.
Man, who like the quadrupeds,
Travels in the way he chooses;
He is always moving, roving,
Discontented and unsettled—
He selects the level pathways,
Searching for the richest pasture—
Ever searching, ever roving,
Seeking objects far before him.

He, in seeking, here selected
Slight depression of the mountain,
Where the rolling light vehicle
Doth attain the topmost footing;
And in gentle locomotion,

Move adown the inclination,
'Till it reach the yellow current
Of the gently rolling river.
Stand ye on this airy station,
View the beauteous world around you—
Western, Northern, scenes amaze you;
Hills and mountains, plains and valleys,
Boldly in your vision spreading.

The blue wings of mountain ridges,
Are not seen so dim and distant,
But reposing in their grandeur,
“*Milk*” the fleecy clouds of heaven.
Rural village lies before you,
Glit’ring roofs and shady bowers,
And adjacent halls of science,*
You might take it for a city—
White and pillar’d orders shining,
Show the taste of ancient building,
And the modern style is blended,
With the ancient and amended.

Giant mountains, cavern’d valleys,
Shaggy forest mantling o’er them—
Lesser hills are scatter’d ’round you,
With their fruitful valleys teeming:
Paradise is all before you—
Paradise of Old Dominion—

* University of Virginia.

Old Virginia in her glory,
In her rural glory smiling,
Here in this sweet vale before you,
And in this wide range behind you.

See, the bright wheel'd sun is rising ;
See the eastern forest blazing ;
See the waving fields of plenty,
Ev'ry hill and valley crowning.
Monticello is beside you,
River valley is below you ;
Place an air-line road high o'er it,
Place each end on mountain summit,
And if you can't boldly ride it,
Send your winged thoughts to scan it.

Dome and portico are shining,
Colonnade and walks are shady,
In the rosy chambers gleaming,
On the checker'd floors resting,
Purest morning rays are beaming,
Temper'd by the shady screening.
Holy place, the inner temple—
Dwelling of a sage departed—
Fame shall ever point to thee.
'Twas the place of his own choosing,
Plann'd and reared by the "*great builder*."
British troopers did respect it,
Walk'd its spacious halls admiring ;

But the object they were seeking,
Wisely sought a mountain covert,
Where, with glass in hand, he view'd them
From his high observatory.

Olympus dwells in songs of old,
And modern bards thy charms have told,
Have sought and sung thy shady crest,
The home, the tomb, where patriots rest ;
Whilst Anderson's uprising height,
The pilgrim ever will delight.

THE FIRST BRIDE.

Our grandsire, Adam, never knew,
What to a mother's love was due ;
No smiling infant he had been,
Or playful boy upon the green.
Of woman never born was he,
Nor did he ever childhood see ;
For high perfection he display'd,
When first he trod the flow'ry glade.
No gentle sister him caress'd,
Nor was he with a brother blest ;
The blooming bow'rs of Eden shone
All glorious, yet was he alone ;

Unless, perchance, some cherubim,
From distant world, did visit him ;
Beguiling lonely thoughts, when they
Did e'er across his bosom stray,
'Till one bright morn he did behold
A being of angelic mould,
With queenly air and timid step,
Rise and retire "*when he had slept.*"
With charming grace she tript away,
O'er velvet grass and flow'rs gay,
To deep recess in vernal shade,
Where pendant boughs close harbor made.
Here the first sweet and blushing bride,
"Amaz'd and flutter'd," sought to hide,
As if to shun the admiring gaze
Of nature, in the world's young days,
Shrinking to know she stood confess'd,
The most divine, the fairest—best.

Here ended the first grand retreat ;
Here the first victor spurn'd defeat ;
'Twas here the lord of Eden knelt,
Beseeching, owning what he felt ;
And using ev'ry blandishment,
That he, untutor'd, could invent.
Though pure from every sinful thought,
Relenting nature in her wrought ;
And her fond bosom own'd the bliss,
Her lips received from the first kiss.

His "pleaded reason" gained her ear,
And the first courtier ceas'd to fear;
His sum of bliss was perfect now,
Seal'd every promise, ev'ry vow.
The fond, consenting, happy bride,
Now ceas'd her loving spouse to chide;
And Paradise in sun and shade,
Ecstatic love and joy display'd.
Love spread his rosy tints around,
And blushing flowers now were found.
Those which display'd a dazzling white,
Now threw out crimson to the sight;
For ev'ry bloom and tender flower
Was white, before that blissful hour.

The first of men in form and size,
Now read his fate in those sweet eyes—
Forth led he to his own green bow'r,
(Of Paradise, the fairest flower,)
Whose carpet was a mossy spread,
With canopy of roses red,
And white and varied flourish'd there,
Entwin'd with purple lilacs fair;
All drown'd with morning's glist'ning dew,
And fresh and fragrant, bright and new.

'Twas thus the father of mankind,
His lovely helpmate first did find—
And fragrant Eden in that hour,
Replenish'd every blooming bower.

Each shady dell and sunny nook,
More glorious shone beside the brook,
Whose gurgling stream more limpid gleam'd,
And playful fish more sportive seem'd ;
Their golden sides brief rainbows shed,
And flashing tails small lightnings bred ;
More playful leap'd the dappled hind,
The spotted tiger, tame and kind ;
The squirrel leap'd from tree to tree,
More fond the bright ey'd "*gazellee* ;"
The gorgeous birds of tuneful lay,
Sang sweetest matins on that day ;
And spicy gales of odor play'd,
On dewy wings in sun and shade.
The blooming trees, divinely fair,
Shook their white blossoms in the air ;
And Nature, in that blissful hour,
Exerted all her charming pow'r.
Thus ended the first bridal morn,
The same on which the Bride was born—
Not born, but made by Heav'nly hand,
The first Bride of that happy land.

L I N E S

On the beautiful appearance of an Apple tree, in full bloom, as
seen by moonlight.

Like a banner of stars from the Milky Way torn,
And spread to the rising day;
Or the Moon's paler beams dress'd in light of the morn—
Or a glory just fading away.

Or a shower of silver, with gems of bright green,
With the delicate red and the white;
All fanciful woven and mix'd all between,
And tinged with a halo of light;

This beautiful tree, like a tower of snow,
Or a wreath of white mist in the air;
Conspicuous and gay, and greener did grow,
With the budding and blooming so fair.

And the sweetest of flowers were decking the ground,
And stars in their dew-cups were made;
And the perfume of Heav'n seemed floating around,
In the breeze, in the moonbeam, and shade.

SPRING CALLING UP THE FLOWERS.

Children of the dewy morn,
Arise and put your garments on ;
Frosty winter now is fled,
Come ye from your lowly bed ;
Put on your gold and purple hue,
Put on your pink and heav'nly blue ;
Put on your virgin white and red,
Bow with elegance your head.

Whilst the trembling dew-drops shake,
To the morn obeisance make ;
Smile e'er Phœbus rises high
O'er the world with burning eye ;
E'er the world do languish you,
Stealing all your nectar'd dew ;
Rise, with dewy petals gay,
Spread your beauties to the day.

Flow'rs for the morn were made,
Rise ye up in dell and glade—
Rise from 'neath the budding trees,
Wave ye in the wanton breeze,
Rise in woven sun and shade,
In your loveliness array'd.
As the misty vapors rise,
Spread your beauties to the skies ;

Spread your bursting bosoms wide,
Let your fragrant incense glide ;
Spread it on the winged gale,
Let it on the breezes sail ;
Spread your snowy leaflets free,
Mind ye not the honey bee,
Or the bright wing'd butterfly,
Kissing you so very sly.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The God of Day had hid his head
In burning clouds and gone to bed ;
The pearly dew was on the flow'er,
And I was roaming in that hour,
By the light of the moon.

And why, O why did I thus roam ?
Dear, charming Ann was going home,
And I was by my charmer's side,
'Twas then she vow'd to be my bride,
By the light of the moon.

Her footsteps press'd the dewy glade,
As I in adoration paid,
My vows of everlasting love ;
The glorious heav'n shone above,
In the light of the moon.

The starry hosts that walk the skies,
On that blest night did veil their eyes—
Hush'd was the music of their sound,
And all their twinkling eyes were drown'd,
In the light of the moon.

Delightful hour of love and rest,
What mortal ever was so blest !
The bright and blazing hours of day,
In dreamy nights did fade away,
In the light of the moon.

'Twas thus we roam'd o'er hill and dale,
And love did o'er my heart prevail ;
No need of the brilliant sun to rise,
I walk'd by the light of those sweet eyes,
And the light of the moon.

LINES, IN MEMORY OF JOHN W. HUCKSTEP, ESQ.

[The amiable subject of the following lines was the second son of the Rev. Willis Huckstep, of Albemarle county, Va. He had just entered the arena of busy and prosperous life, with a young, devoted wife, numerous friends, and fair prospects for a long and happy earthly career. But the fair morning was suddenly clouded. Alas! how transient and uncertain is our existence here! Having attained all the excellency and perfection of the high noon of manhood, his sun declined, and the shadowy vale was passed—proving the correctness of that solemn and beautiful Scripture, “All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.”]

The Son of God, while below,
For his departed friend did weep,
And mortals grieve, in tearful woe,
When dearest friends in death do sleep.

But why should we thus vainly grieve,
The lov'd, the good, make shortest stay;
This world in joyous hope they leave—
The Lord himself hath led the way.

Dear, sainted one! no more shall we
Thy well remember'd form descry;
Thine is a glorious destiny—
Thy bright abode above the sky.

God's shining angels from afar,
A holy, bright, seraphic band,

Guide ransom'd souls from star to star,
Up to that fair and heav'nly land.

Death is the gate to endless bliss—
The spirit free'd from mortal clay,
Pass'd through a strange and solemn land,
Up to the realms of perfect day.

There we shall meet thee, join thee there,
If we but true and faithful prove;
And, in that blessed world afar,
Know the sweet joys of heav'nly love.

TO OUR OLD DINING TABLE.

Old friends were we, in course of other days,
With grateful feelings we rehearse thy praise,
Although the pride of modern times has laid
Away thy folds, with other things that fade,
And in thy stead a brighter thing is placed,
Because, forsooth, old time hath thee defaced;
Yet will we praise thee, old contemporary,
Of by-gone days, when childish hearts were merry.
Thou wert a true and bounteous friend indeed,
Whose ample surface proved a friend in need.
Well we remember, when a tiny boy,

With our dear brother, (both our parents' joy,)
Where (boys and parents) seated round thy frame;
But they are gone ! one brother still we name !
Thou doth remind us of the early times,
E'er inspiration flowed in uncouth rhymes—
E'er the kind muses touch'd our untried lyre,
With the warm sparklings of poetic fire—
E'er youthful beauty charm'd our heart away,
Resisting still the witch'ry of her sway—
E'er love was own'd—abash'd e'en at the name,
And cared we not for beauty, wealth or fame :
Thou still wert present with our growing years,
In joyous youth, e'er life's corroding cares
Hung round our manhood, and progressive time
Brought us safely to full manhood's prime—
And thou art yet, as we approach decline,
The same old table, made of stately pine—
Cut from the forest by some woodman's blade,
And shap'd for use—*by our own father made.*

BEGINNING OF LIGHT.

Thou great, original, created light,
That from the birth of time career'd, ardent—
In burning glory roll'd, thy course sublime!
When, from eternal night, thy flaming orb,
Sudden* and glorious, in mid-heaven blaz'd!—
Omnipotent, from the great maker's hand,
Thou wert projected with a force intense—
Brilliant and dazzling, to thy shining path:
Thy orbit fix'd—Then lesser lights display'd
Their milder rays—or, with their own quintessence,
In highest heaven burnt!
Then brooding darkness fled—vanquish'd and lost—
Its horrible confines burst into day—
And the remote and black recesses gleam'd.

'Twas then the morning stars together sang—
Eternal time began, and seasons roll'd—
Precocious Spring infused a tender bloom
On the fresh lily, and the virgin rose
First op'd her damask bosom in the light—
Whose new-born rays first drank the pearly dews.
Worlds whirling in their spheres, their limits knew:
Order, sublime, unchangeable began,
And chaos vanished into unknown realms.

* Dante supposed the sun to have commenced his course in Aries at the creation.

Those orbs that were of nature animate,
Warm'd up, and life, in teeming myriads swarm'd!
Rivers and oceans felt the inspiring glow—
Their surface glisten'd, and the finny tribes
Sported their flashing tales—huge monsters leap'd,
With playful antics, in the sunlit flood—
The earth's green vales and woody mounts rejoic'd
In the warm breath of being—all heav'n smil'd—
And the great pulse of nature throb'd with life!

METHUSELAH.

Sure time with thee didst crawl instead of fly;
Thou might'st have thought, "*thou shalt not surely die,*"
When thou didst mark long ages pass away,
And yet thy locks had not a touch of gray.
Five hundred years put thee in manhood's prime,
And thou couldst bid defiance unto time.
Nine hundred Winters did their frost bestow,
Nine hundred Springs made beauteous flow'rs blow,
Nine hundred Summers nectar'd fruits display'd,
Nine hundred Autumns their rich products made;
And still thou wert, in life, above the sod—
A patriarch sage, one of the sons of God.
The world was new, and vigorous nature then,
Perfected manhood, gave long life to men;
Or virt'ous lives were favor'd from on high,
Brought slow decay, and men could scarcely die.

THE DUNS.

What Muse can sing with a crippled wing,
When clam'rous duns beset her?
“Now, you must pay,” is the cry all day—
And all things tend to fret her.

John Milton of old, was a man of gold,
Or else his muse had left him—
His “*Paradise Lost*,” not a shilling had cost;
Of fame they had bereft him.

Bright schemes will fail when duns assail—
’Tis useless to be cunning—
“Come, pay up, pay,” is the cry all day,
Whilst you for aid are running.

Just take your time, go try a rhyme;
You cannot rhyme to Peter—
E’er you will fall on a “dunner tall,”
A real Muses eater.

LINES ON THE ASCENSION OF AN ÆRONAUT.

Far above, in the blue of the bright, rosy sky,
A mortal so brave and so bold,
Ascends with a rush to the regions on high,
And below he has left all his gold.

Holy Writ hath declar'd, how hopeless and hard,
For the "*monied*" in glory to rise—
For their gold is a weight, controlling their fate;
Such *Æronauts* pierce not the skies.

But this man doth speed, unencumber'd and freed—
Sublime and exalted his motion;
High perch'd in the air, he is riding afar,
And the element there is his ocean.

"In the region of clouds, where the whirl-winds arise,"
His castle of silk is display'd;
He has bright shining fields spread out in the skies,
All woven with sunbeam and shade.

And the earth far away is an island of green,
Huge mountains seem mole-hills below;
And valley and hill, from his portico seen,
Is a grand and beautiful show.

His rain-bow hath colors more gorgeous, I ween,
Than eye e'er beheld here below,
Or fancy hath pictur'd in gold, blue and green—
All laid on a ground work of snow.

“There sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves,”
All glorious around him are beaming;
Bright billows array’d in sun-shine and shade,
“Where the Angels of bliss lie dreaming.”

LINES

Written in the Author’s Diary on his having attained his
Fiftieth Year.

Now fifty years have run their ample round—
Just half a century—and I still am found
Among the living; blest with health and mind—
Existence is not vanity I find;
For He who placed us in this world below,
Ne’er works in vain, as all his works doth show.
Infinite Wisdom!—unimagin’d might,
Rules starry worlds, and hideous realms of night—
Points the hot path for the fierce blazing sun,
And flaming comets, as long ages run.

THE PASSENGER'S DREAM;

OR,

Trip on the "Ragged Mountain Railroad."

The following Poem was written in August, 1854, during the contest for the location of that portion of the Alexandria & Lynchburg Railroad that lies between Gordonsville and Lynchburg, and, as its publication cannot now, in any way, influence the location of said road, the author has permitted it to appear in this work, merely as a part of the early history and views of Railroads in Virginia.

"I saw it not in fancy's glass;"
But dreaming, sirs, I view'd it;
I saw a zig-zag Railroad scheme,
And, Lord, how I eschew'd it.

It seem'd that I was deputized,
And led by magic hand,
To scan a certain Railroad plot,
Projected in this land.

This mystic hand, by me unknown,
Unseen, and silent guide,
Left me at once, right in a town,
By a broad river side.

Methought fair Alexandria gleam'd—
This rising city shone,
Beside Potomac's silver stream,
And mighty it had grown.

I cast about to see if I
Was in the Old Dominion—
When turning to the South and West,
Confirm'd was my opinion.

I did descry a teeming train
Approach with speed and power ;
Well laden every box and car
With cotton, corn and flour.

I saw the brand of Lynchburg there,
Of Memphis, and Orleans—
And every product of the South,
From sugar down to beans.

And soon another sound was heard,
Unearthly, shrill and loud—
In a straight line a speck was seen
Like a small thunder cloud.

And as it nearer came to view,
And slacken'd its career ;
I took a new position, where
I could more clearly *see her*.

O, gracious!—lots of living men
And women floating by;
All huddled in the coaches snug—
To count I did not try.

I saw at once a golden vein,
On iron road a streaming;
(And this was sure a pleasing fact,)
No visionary dreaming.

I saw the wealth of distant climes,
And men of every nation,
All aiming to this crowded mart—
This highly favor'd station.

Methought, as musing thus I stood,
Friend B****r did perceive me;
And handed me a *ticket free*—
And soon the cars receiv'd me.

Now, bravely we did move along,
With pleasure and good will;
And soon 'twas found that we were at
The town of Gordonsville.

Here we, as in our seats reclin'd,
Receiv'd a dreadful jar—
And looking out, what do you think?
We had upset a car.

The Richmond train, it seems, had got
Just there in time to meet us ;
And running the same road, they chose
In this rude way to greet us.

Soon all was right—and we were off—
And now for dangerous speed ;
For passing the “*Burnt Chimneys*” we
Came to a curve indeed—

That led us to a mountain plain,
O’er rivulet and dell ;
The Central Road meandering still,
And curving to Shadwell.

And just above the last named place,
(By Nature’s law abiding,)
We left the crooked way of men,
And straight way we were sliding.

We left the curve, and onward went—
An “*air-line course was ours*”—
And rolling in a muddy ditch,
Was not a bed of flow’rs.

In course of time we did right up—
No serious harm was done ;
And carefully we felt our way,
North of the setting sun.

Just like an old Virginia fence,
The road goes through the ridges—
We passed Rivanna's classic stream,
And Moor's Creek on bridges.

On iron bridges pillar'd high,
Those fearful gulfs traversing—
The foaming waters far beneath,
The clouds above dispersing.

Ascending, we did overcome
The rising of a grade,
On which the Central Engineer,
To travel was afraid.

Now at the neat, important town
Of Charlottesville, we find us;
With the blue mountains in our front,
And jagged hills behind us.

And to our left, the "*Ragged mounts*,"
Did show their awful bases—
We took that route, and as we went,
With horror hid our faces.

Such yawning gulfs, and rugged steeps,
Disputed our egress—
There never was a Railroad set,
O'erwhelm'd in such distress.

There were the ugly cuts they made,
In sund'ring of each hill—
The valleys they made bridges o'er,
For want of dirt to fill.

We saw a train, diminutive,
With heavy engine pow'r,
Meandering with a snaky trail,
Five miles for every hour.

Good Lord, how we've improv'd in Roads!
Invention, on the wing—
This Railroad scheme, *by Charlottesville,*
Sir, is a vital thing.

Why did we not at Huckstep's keep
Straight forward down the vale?
An air-line is the thing we want,
"When riding on a rail."

Dishearten'd, we revers'd our course,
Back'd down as best we could;
To the "*Burnt Chimney's*," level plain,
And for the South-west stood.

Full soon, again our flying train,
Most freely urged its way—
The spinning wheels with music roll'd,
On that eventful day.

The chariot of the sun himself,
Might skim this level grade—
On which our wing'd cars were seen ;
Such was the speed we made.

The air divided as we went—
We did a whirlwind sever ;
Æolian harp play'd us a tune—
“ An air-line road forever !”

Soon we did cross Rivanna's dale,
And up Buck Island sped ;
(A valley beautiful and broad,)
That near to Scottsville led.

Ascending gently all the while,
Along a limestone dell ;
'Till we are arriv'd at Lynchburg town—
Man never rode so well.

We tarried for refreshments here,
In the “ *Tobacco City*,”
Then roll'd away to Southern climes ;—
Now we will end our ditty.

O, stranger ! let our warning voice,
Save you from lamentation :
If e'er you take the “ *Ragged route*,”
Prepare for amputation !

Apply to war's department quick,
For surgeons you will need ;
And charter for their use a coach—
And to your way take heed.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT;

OR,

An account of his triumphant reception at the County line of Albemarle; at Monticello; at Charlottesville, and at the University of Virginia, on the 9th and 10th of November, 1824.

“The hollow vault of Heaven is rent with shouts,
With din and hurry of tumultuous joy
Waves the wide throng—for lo! in perfect strength,
Lafayette comes.”

[The author esteems it one of the most imposing and happy events of his life that he was permitted, though very young, to witness the parade and exciting scenes connected with this memorable occasion; and, that he stood on that day in the presence of Jefferson, Madison, and General Lafayette, two of the immortal sages of the Revolution, and one who was only second to Washington in the glorious struggle that resulted in the freedom and independence of our great confederacy.]

The Nation's guest lands on our happy shore,
'Mid shouts of joy and deaf'ning cannons' roar—
All men revere and honor the great name
Of him, whose deeds shine on the scroll of fame;
Who left his ease, high place, and high command,
To drive oppression from our favor'd land.
He comes, he comes; but youthful days are fled, .
And silv'ry hairs are blooming on his head;
He comes once more—reviews the tentless field,
Where, with his aid, we caused the foe to yield—

Where Briton's hosts were shiver'd in the fight,
And his bright sword pursu'd their dusky flight.
Redoubt and rampart no protection gave,
And many a "*red-coat*," found a bloody grave;
York's sandy plains were drench'd with human gore—
Assaulting legions swept the trembling shore,
And the great Chief who ruled the bloody tide,
Stood in the breach —Lafayette at his side;
And when the din of murd'rous strife was done,
And shouts arose for God and Washington,
The great Lafayette and the Chief review'd
The bloody field—with Briton's sons bestrew'd,
Saw the long ranks, now humbl'd captives led,
And Freedom shouted as the tyrant bled.

The pride of France was on that battle ground,
Renown'd in arms—true allies ever found.
The part assign'd for their strong arm to do,
Was done like Frenchmen, chivalrous and true.
Thus did we purchase honor, rest and peace,
And war's alarms for length of years did cease.
The broad wing'd ships return'd o'er briny wave
With England's troops, and France's vet'rans brave;
And 'mong the rest, Lafayette great and good,
On his tall deck, in tearful triumph stood;
Saw brave associates linger on the shore,
In parting grief for him they saw no more;
And as the ships their foaming course pursue
The assembled concourse wave a fond adieu!

Time rolls away—each young and rising State
Is but a portion of the Union great ;
Each commonwealth distinct, secure and free—
The astonish'd world such progress ne'er did see !
In arts and arms ; in commerce, wealth and trade,
Our course was onward—of no power afraid—
Broad, sunny fields, clear'd of the cumbrous wood,
Our plough-share prov'd the worth of tillage good.
Our sails were spread on ocean, sea and lake ;
And no proud navies dar'd advantage take.
Such was our bearing on the watery main,
That jealous England kick'd up war again,
Spread out her cruisers to molest our trade,
And claim'd a tribute which was never paid ;
Beat on the sea, and conquer'd on the land,
We forced a peace which to this day doth stand ;

Now at our ease, the Nation's voice we hear,*
She called from France her ancient friend most dear ;
He heard the call—obey'd, and reach'd our shore ;
Review'd his fields—and fought his battles o'er ;
Pass'd o'er the roads his conquering army made,
When all were marshes, wilderness and shade—
Saw cities gleam, where villages once stood,
And cultur'd fields prov'd agriculture good.
Such were the times that blest our prosperous land,
When in our midst the Nation's guest did stand.

* Alluding to an act of Congress, inviting General Lafayette to visit the United States.

Great was the joy, and great the gratitude;
Strange faces now his time-worn visage view'd;
But they were friends!—no living foe was there,
And thronging crowds with welcome rend the air!
Their worthy sires by his side did fight,
And they had met to welcome him aright;
And, in the name of ages yet unborn,
With the green-bay his aged brow adorn.
Thus was his entry through each Town and Ville—
The masses moving o'er each vale and hill;
The country joyous, and the cities gay;
Each rival'd other—all their honors pay.

Progressing thus, *Fluvanna's* cavalcade
Escorts *him* up—*He* views the road he made;*
And, passing on to Boyd's, a noted stand
In Albemarle—sees the Blue mountains grand,
Lift their high summits in Virginia skies—
And, *Monticello* meets his wishful eyes—
The seat of him, the first in council great;
Rever'd by freemen, and, whom tyrants hate.
Here numerous masses wait the bugle's sound—
The heralds fly—Lafayette's on the ground!
Here Major Clark the citizens array'd,
And Captain Craven drew his flashing blade—
The Troopers form,† uncover'd, meet their Guest,
And grateful feelings swell each manly breast;

* The road his army cleared through Fluvanna.

† Lafayette Guards.

Welcome! thrice welcome! is the shout they give—
Long be the days Lafayette yet may live!

The graceful Rives—presented—hat in hand;
The front is cleared, and the steps his stand—
His speech begun, with eloquence refin'd,
Show'd off the working of a polish'd mind.
“We hither come”—(or words like these he said,)
“To honor thee! who for dear freedom bled—
And, in the name of our lov'd country, we,
With cordial welcome, offer thanks to thee!
With lively joy we hail thy blest return
To this great land, where Freedom's altars burn.
Thine aid did rescue its pure dazzling light,
And thrones despotic trembled at the sight!
Well we remember thy devoted zeal—
Thy gen'rous love, that for the oppress'd could feel.
Thy youthful prime in our campaigns was spent,
'Till Britain did her haughty course repent—
Despairing—left our free, but worried land,
Because such war she could no longer stand.
For such great service words cannot express
Our gratitude for such complete success.
Well we remember thy protecting care
Vouchsafe'd to us, by thy strong arm made bare.
Then we were weak—but now we're great and strong,
Our youthful arms shall bear thy tott'ring form—
We'll tend thy age, and filial comforts spread,
Whilst Heaven's blessings rest upon your head.”

To whom the Gen'ral, grasping his warm hand,
In words like these—which all could understand :
“Some forty years, and more than that, have pass'd
Since I was marching o'er this region last—
Here, in this county, lives my valued friend,*
To whom my footsteps, weak and trembling, tend ;
Him may I see, e're yet this noon-day sun
Hath o'er those hills this bright day's journey run.
And, sir, your kindness!—words and language fail
To express the feelings that o'er me prevail.
They crowd my mind—enhanc'd, to high degree,
By your allusions, and by what I see.
Now let me, sir, my grateful tribute pay
To you, and those you represent to-day—
Long live your Union!—may defenders brave,
Your country's Flag in triumph ever wave.”

He ceas'd—and then, spontaneous and loud,
Three deaf'ning cheers burst from the joyous crowd.
And now, 'twas noon—four dashing grays are seen—
The *Landau** halts, with escorts all between ;
And Rives, and Randolph, sat on either side,
And thus did he to Monticello ride.
The trip was pleasing ; beautiful the day
As Milton's hills shone with the bright array ;
With handsome sash and *civic* uniform,
The crowded lanes with joyous troopers swarm.

* Mr. Jefferson.

† Furnished from Monticello.

The river pass'd, then through the town they go—
Up sloping hills, with valleys green below ;
They wind their way up Monticello's side,
Ascending still, and forward still they ride ;
Till all arrive safe on the mountain green—
What pencil now could well portray the scene !

The grand procession its position takes,
And trampling squadrons the broad mountain shakes ;
The bugle sounds—the chariots arrive—
The crowded coaches in thick column drive,
And the vast crowd, already standing there,
Join in three cheers, that rend the elastic air !
Admiring hosts the Chieftain's presence hail'd—
Deep silence, then, with grateful awe prevail'd.
The chariot still—the steps are quickly down,
And the good *Marquis* trod the classic ground
With feeble step—increasing as he nears
The Sage of Freedom, bathed in manly tears,
Advanc'd to meet him—joyous they embrace !
“God bless you, Gen'ral!—welcome to this place !”
“Bless you, my friend!—bless my dear Jefferson ;
Once more I'm with you, ere my race is run.”
They said no more!—for utterance was denied ;
The touching scene brought tears from ev'ry side ;
Suppress'd emotion sob'd amid the crowd,
And manly hearts to deepest feelings bow'd.

The next bright day the “*Guards*” for him await,
And all are ready at the open gate ;

And the same "*Landau*," at the threshold stood—
Receiv'd the Gen'ral, and two* sages good.
The precious freight was borne in pomp along,
'Mid cheering troopers, and with clarion song.
At Charlottesville, the order'd troops await
The coming of the great and good Lafayette;
Soon he is there—at "*Central House*" they meet him—
With welcome speech the "*Chairman*" thus did greet
him:

"Dear Gen'ral, I before you now appear,
To tender you a cordial welcome here—
Our fathers, whom you now around us see,
Taught us, their children, what we owe to thee!
From early youth thy venerated name,
We have connected with our country's fame;
Thou wast our friend, in trying scenes of strife—
Wise counsels gave—for us expos'd thy life;
Shed blood to screen us from oppression's yoke,
And fetters strong were by thy prowess broke!
We look around and know that we are free,
And to no despot ever bow'd the knee!
And well we know 'twas partly by your aid
That we so happy and so great are made.
We hail your march, triumphant through the States,
Our cities cheer thee, and spread wide their gates—
The grateful country cheers on ev'ry side,
From distant mountains to the ocean's tide.

* Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison.

No potentate, or Eastern Tamerlane,
Could, in his realms, such lasting honors gain.
Imperial Cæsar in his high estate,
Ne'er earned such homage from the free and great—
This is the people—we, these honors give—
We welcome thee—long may Lafayette live!"
To which the Gen'ral feelingly replied ;
Then in the rooms pour'd fast the living tide—
On seats reserved—the "honored three" are seated—
Refreshments furnish'd, and the public greeted ;
The crowds presented, pleas'd, to touch the hand
That grip'd the sword to free their native land !

The Gen'ral pleased, and smiles illumed his face,
Made just allusions to the times and place ;
Prais'd the romantic scenery in his view,
Compar'd "old Piedmont" justly with the "*new*,"—
With gen'rous feelings pass'd the hour away,
Till bugle sound call'd ranks into array :
All ready now—up the throng'd streets they go,
Great was the concourse and sublime the show.
Full soon "our guest" is on the College lawn,
By the same "grays" most proudly he is drawn.
Lafayette Guards, and "Junior Volunteers,"*
Position take, and add their deafening cheers.
Now all dismounted and on foot were form'd ;
One spirit rul'd—each feeling heart was warm'd—

* A company of boys, whose perfect discipline and evolutions commanded much attention.

A thousand of our mountain daughters fair,
 Wav'd their white 'kerchiefs gracefully in air :
 With beauty teem'd each terrac'd piazza—
 They pay their honors to the brave to-day.
 Now arm in arm move on the "worthy three,"
 Whilst crowds of freemen close the vacancy.

At the Rotunda's classic front they stand,
 Whilst gath'ring numbers press on either hand.
 Now Mr. Gordon,* with a graceful air,
 Stood on the steps to meet the Gen'ral there—
 No man more true—more eloquent, was found,
 To speak the feelings of the crowd around ;
 Now silence reign'd, to hear the words he spake
 And thus did he th' impressive silence break :—

"Rever'd Lafayette! thousands here to-day
 Approach thy presence, filial love to pay!
 Through me, selected to express to you,
 The kind regards of this old County true!
 Now, thou dost stand where no invader's face,
 E'er dar'd pollute the prestige of this place!
 Though Briton's arms reach'd up to yonder ville,
 Their flying troop † ne'er reached this sacred hill!
Thy rapid march forc'd them to haste away,
 In quick retreat, and fortunate were they.

* Now Gen. Gordon.

† In allusion to Col. Tarlton's troop.

Dear Gen'ral, 'mid this great confederacy
Lives there no man to show thee enmity,
And we refute the calumny refin'd—
'That men revere th' destroyers of their kind,
More than they bless a kind, protecting pow'r,
That saves from ruin in a luckless hour.'
Spontaneous love and gratitude to thee,
Control the millions—as you well may see—
Virginia hails you with peculiar pride—
You, who did o'er her gallant arms preside.
Great Washington plac'd in your trusty hand,
His lov'd Virginia—his own native land;
His confidence in thee was not misplac'd—
Protecting power on thy arms were bas'd;
Thy junction, form'd with the Great Chief, secur'd
Virginia's safety from th' invading hoard.
And now, dear Gen'ral, we sincerely pray
Kind Providence may still smile on your way—
Preserve your health, protract your honor'd days—
Whilst free-born nations, grateful, sing your praise!!”

He ended—and, the living wave around,
A deep response in heart and voice found.
And now the dinner was announc'd to all,
And soon was fill'd the great “Rotunda's” hall.
The “guest” by two Ex-Presidents was led
Where smoking viands were profusely spread.
In the “Rotunda's” vast saloon they dine—
Rich the repast, and pure the sparkling wine.
The table set in “three concentric rings,”

In the great area—void of length'ning wings.
The seat assign'd the "guest" to occupy
Was fix'd between Corinthian pillars high.
With living arch of evergreen o'er head,
Compos'd of laurel and fresh ivy spread.
The dinner o'er—and cloth remov'd away,
The toasts were drank to celebrate the day.
Now pleasure flow'd—no rank or power restrain'd,
Convivial feelings in full sway prevail'd—
The Gen'ral spoke—Ex-Presidents replied,
And all were happy—all were satisfied.
At six o'clock on this auspicious eve,
The gallant "Guards" and carriages did leave
The halls of science, for the mountain home—
And soon are they 'neath Monticello's dome!

NOTE.—It is proper to state, that the author's memory has been materially aided by a well-written, descriptive sketch of Lafayette's visit, which appeared in the Charlottesville journals.

EVE'S FIRST THOUGHTS.

Hail, beauteous realm, and joy to yon bright sun,
Whose course in nature has but just begun,
And those soft skies, so mellow'd by thy beams,
That dance in brightness on these sparkling streams!
Time, young, eternal, with thy morning rays
On earth commenc'd his everlasting days;
And Time with me, as with this blooming world,
And starry height, with moon and skies unfurl'd,
Hath just begun—the glorious Heav'n may tell
How they were spoke into existence well!
And I their junior—few the rosy days
Since I was form'd to love, admire and praise.

Where e'er I turn what glories meet my eyes?
The earth all blooming, radiant all the skies;
The perfum'd air, the breath of honeyed flow'rs,
The dancing shades, and these refreshing bow'rs,
Those winged gems that hum in merry mood,
Alone might chase from here all solitude.
Those joyous birds bright choristers that play
In liquid air, or 'mid the shady way,
Attun'd to love—to praise their strains belong,
Luxuriant groves spread incense to their song.
Those creatures, nameless, that do freely rove
O'er grassy summit, or sweet valley grove.
Harmless and gay—some crop the grassy mound,
Some with young leaves a rich repast have found;

Some browse on herbs or gummous roots may choose ;
Some feast on sweets, nor nectar'd fruits refuse.
These bounteous plains give sustenance to all,
The lowly insect or the creature tall.

Almighty wisdom, pow'r and love are here,
And man the master—I his presence cheer ;
Form'd of his flesh, yet feminine my kind,
Of softer texture, and with him conjoin'd ;
My lord and love—protector need I none,
Save the Great Pow'r that rules beyond the sun !
No lightning's flash in vivid, lurid play,
Or jarring thunders fright the peaceful day—
No vicious reptiles here may fly or creep—
In sweet repose and innocence we sleep ;
Nor do we fear the leopard, unicorn,
Amphibious monster, hideous river spawn.
These, harmless, wander in their proper spheres,
Nor do we know of sorrows, sighs or tears ;
We but attend our loving duties here,
And trusting Heav'n, find no cause for fear ;
Waking or sleeping, we adore and love
The Great First Cause that rules the world above.





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